

Abbot Samson

Chapters from 'Past and Present'

by

Thomas Carlyle

Edited for Schools by

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INTRODUCTION

I. *Past and Present*, published in April, 1843, was written 'at a heat' in the first seven weeks of that year; its composition formed a pleasant interlude in the 'four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculation, futile wrestling, and misery,' which Carlyle spent over his *Cromwell*.

The purpose of the book as a whole is apparent in its title: it is an attempt to find in the past a remedy for the present. Carlyle (as he explains in Chapter I.) had been horrified by the sight of fifty robust paupers idly sitting outside the Workhouse of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire; this he thought typical of the condition of England: 'in the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish.' And, happening to read the recently edited *Chronicle* of Jocelin, he drew, by way of contrast, a somewhat idealized picture of the benevolent discipline of a mediaeval monastery, under the government of a truly heroic figure, the Abbot Samson.

With the 'Present' sections of the work we are not here concerned: Book II., 'The Ancient Monk,' is alone printed in this edition.¹ Nor has the world at large any great interest in the rest of the book. The conditions which infuriated Carlyle have changed, and, though it would be folly to deny the existence of similar defects in our social organization, still the particular grievances of the Chartist have disappeared. Again, regarded as literature, the 'Abbot Samson' episode is plainly the finest part of the book. Carlyle

¹ With a few omissions.

belonged to no party, and had no very definite scheme of social amelioration: indeed he was infinitely greater as historian than as politician,¹ and his genius for subtle characterization and vivid portrayal had full scope in the person of Abbot Samson. One has only to read the *Chronicle* to perceive that Carlyle has extracted every incident, indeed every phrase, worthy of remembrance: it is he who turns to our gaze the 'magic spectrum' in which these ancient monks still live for us: Carlyle, not Jocelin, is the *sacer vates* of Samson. And though it may be true (as the *Dictionary of National Biography* asserts) that Carlyle's hero is 'rather a rhetorical construction than a historical personage,' and though he is certainly more infallible than in Jocelin's pages, yet, on the whole, it is a true and sympathetic picture that Carlyle presents of Samson's character and work.

II. The Benedictine monastery of Bury St. Edmund's was founded by Canute in 1020, in honour of the relics of St. Edmund, which had been brought there more than a century before. Samson (1135-1211), the tenth abbot, was consecrated in 1182. Under his rule the Abbey prospered; he added to its buildings, and founded St. Saviour's Hospital in the

¹ Cf. this illuminating criticism by George Meredith (Letter to Captain Maxse, Jan. 2, 1870): 'I hold that he [Carlyle] is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim inviolable law: he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wisdom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. "I purify the atmosphere," says this agent. "You knock me down, spoil my goods, and frighten my family," says the grocer.—Philosophy, while rendering his dues to a man like Carlyle, and acknowledging itself inferior in activity, despises his hideous blustering impatience in the presence of progressive facts.

'Read the *French Revolution* and you listen to a seer: the recent pamphlets, and he is a drunken country squire of superordinary ability.' (*Letters*, vol. i., p. 200).

town. Three years after his burial in unconsecrated ground, his remains were removed to the Chapter-house of his Abbey ; it is a point of most curious interest that as recently as 1903 his coffin was discovered on this actual site.

After Samson's time the Abbey passed through many vicissitudes, suffering often from the violent hostility of the townsfolk. But it is said to have been second only to Glastonbury of all English Abbeys, and at the Dissolution (1538-9) its annual income was about £200,000 of modern money. The antiquary John Leland, who visited the abbey shortly before its fall, thus described it : 'The sun hath not shone on a town more delightfully situated on a gradual and easy descent, with a small river flowing on the eastern part, or a monastery more illustrious, whether we consider its wealth, its extent, or its incomparable magnificence: you might indeed say that the monastery itself is a town; so many gates there are, some of them of brass; so many towers; and a church, than which none can be more magnificent, and subservient to which are three others also splendidly adorned with admirable workmanship, and standing in one and the same churchyard. The rivulet mentioned above, with an arched bridge thrown over it, glides through the bounds of the monastery.' A reconstruction of this scene (after Mr. Hardy's drawing) is given in the frontispiece. The great abbey church, cruciform in plan, was 512 feet long; the breadth across the transepts was 212 feet, and that of the west front was 246. The Bell Tower (at the west end) was rebuilt in 1432, after its fall. On the north side of the church lay the conventual buildings, running round the cloister garth. Before the west door may be seen in the picture the so-called Norman Tower, or Church Gate, 86 feet in height, which is now the steeple of St. James's Church. On the extreme left appears the famous Abbey Gate (see also the illustration facing p. 10). This gate was built about 1350 in place of an old gateway which the townsfolk had destroyed in 1327. It is a massive building, 72 feet in

height, and was formerly even higher. Of the church there remain now only parts of the west front, and the piers of the central tower.

III. Carlyle's narrative gives an excellent idea of daily life in a mediæval monastery, but it should be supplemented by a fuller account, such as may be found in Abbot Gasquet's most valuable book, *English Monastic Life*. A few points, however, require further explanation here.

A large Benedictine house, such as that of Bury, was ruled by a mitred *abbot* (*abbas*=father), whose supremacy was absolute: in the phrase of St. Benedict, he stood 'in Christ's place.' Within the monastery he was treated with the utmost reverence; and outside he was amongst the highest dignitaries of the land. Next to the abbot came the *prior*, who was responsible for the general discipline of the house, and who ruled it during the absence of his superior; he was assisted by a *sub-prior*, and, in large houses, by third and fourth priors.

From the ranks of the ordinary monks were chosen various officials, known as *obedientiaries* (cf. p. 2. 20), the principle being to divide duties so that as many as possible might be interested in the general welfare of the convent.¹ These *obedientiaries* are too numerous to describe here; those who are mentioned in the text, and their duties, were as follows:

The *sacristan* (p. 26. 6) was concerned primarily with the upkeep of the church, and the care of all the sacred vessels, etc., belonging to the monastery. In these and other functions he was assisted by the *sub-sacristan* (p. 42. 12), and several subordinate officials. The *cellerarius* (p. 26. 14) was a very important personage, since he was responsible for the food supply of the convent. The cooking and the ordering of

¹ It should be noted that the word 'convent' implies the community not the building, and that it was not restricted to either sex.

meals in the refectory fell, however, to other obedientiaries. The *almoner* (p. 29. 5) saw to the distribution of the extensive alms of the monastery ; but, like most officials, he had various miscellaneous duties in addition. The *teacher of novices* (p. 29. 18) not merely taught the novices during their year of probation, but regulated every department of their life. His work was thus highly responsible and important. The *infirmirarius* (p. 108. 9) tended the sick of the convent, and performed the periodical blood-letting (cf. note to p. 37. 7).

The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's consisted of a lord abbot, a prior, sub-prior, 80 monks and 15 chaplains, more than 40 priests, and 111 servants all employed within the Abbey walls. When one considers the many farms and mills belonging to the Abbey, with its feudal dependencies, it will be seen that Leland's description was in no way exaggerated.

ABBOT SAMSON

CHAPTER I.

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND

A CERTAIN Jocelinus de Brakelonda, a natural-born Englishman, has left us an extremely foreign Book, which the labours of the Camden Society have brought to light in these days. Jocelin's Book, the 'Chronicle,' or private Boswellian Notebook, of Jocelin, a certain old St. Edmundsbury Monk and Boswell, now seven centuries old, how remote is it from us; exotic, extraneous; in all ways, coming from far abroad! The language of it is not foreign only but dead: Monk-Latin lies across not the British 10 Channel, but the ninefold Stygian Marshes, Stream of Lethe, and one knows not where! Roman Latin itself, still alive for us in the Elysian Fields of Memory, is domestic in comparison. And then the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways of this worthy Jocelin; covered deeper than Pompeii with the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years!

Jocelin of Brakelond cannot be called a conspicuous literary character; indeed few mortals that 20

have left so visible a work, or footmark, behind them can be more obscure. One other of those vanished Existences, whose work has not yet vanished ;—almost a pathetic phenomenon, were not the whole world full of such ! The builders of Stonehenge, for example :—or, alas, what say we, Stonehenge and builders ? The writers of the *Universal Review* and *Homer's Iliad* ; the paviors of London streets ;—sooner or later, the entire Posterity
10 of Adam ! It is a pathetic phenomenon ; but an irremediable, nay, if well meditated, a consoling one.

By his dialect of Monk-Latin, and indeed by his name, this Jocelin seems to have been a Norman Englishman ; the surname *de Brakelonda* indicates a native of St. Edmundsbury itself, *Brakelond* being the known old name of a street or quarter in that venerable Town. Then farther, sure enough, our Jocelin was a Monk of St. Edmundsbury Convent ;
20 held some '*obedientia*,' subaltern officiality there, or rather, in succession several ; was, for one thing, 'chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years ;'—which last, indeed, is the grand fact of Jocelin's existence, and properly the origin of this present Book, and of the chief meaning it has for us now. He was, as we have hinted, a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one ; neither did he altogether want his *Johnson* even there and then. Johnsons
30 are rare ; yet, as has been asserted, Boswells perhaps still rarer,—the more is the pity on both

sides! This Jocelin, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really *human* manner; not in any *simial*, canine, ovine, or otherwise *inhuman* manner,—afflictive to all that have humanity! The man is of patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him; much natural 10 sense; a *veracity* that goes deeper than words. Veracity: it is the basis of all; and, some say, means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever. Our Jocelin, for the rest, has read his classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus, Ovidius Naso; of course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries, and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. Then also he has a pleasant wit; and loves a timely joke, though in mild subdued manner: very amiable to see. A learned 20 grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child,—St. Edmundsbury Monastery a larger kind of cradle for him, in which his whole prescribed duty was to *sleep* kindly, and love his mother well! This is the Biography of Jocelin; ‘a man of excellent religion,’ says one of his contemporary Brother Monks, ‘*eximie religionis, potens sermone et opere.*’

For one thing, he had learned to write a kind of 30 Monk or Dog-Latin, still readable to mankind; and,

by good luck for us, had bethought him of noting down thereby what things seemed notablest to him. Hence gradually resulted a *Chronica Jocelini*; new Manuscript in the *Liber Albus* of St. Edmundsbury. Which Chronicle, once written in its childlike transparency, in its innocent good-humour, not without touches of ready pleasant wit and many kinds of worth, other men liked naturally to read: whereby it failed not to be copied, to be multiplied, to be
10 inserted in the *Liber Albus*; and so surviving Henry the Eighth, Putney Cromwell, the Dissolution of Monasteries, and all accidents of malice and neglect for six centuries or so, it got into the *Harleian Collection*,—and has now therefrom, by Mr. Rokewood of the Camden Society, been deciphered into clear print; and lies before us, a dainty thin quarto, to interest for a few minutes whomsoever it can.

We have heard so much of Monks; everywhere, in
20 real and fictitious History, these singular two-legged animals, with their rosaries and breviaries, with their shaven crowns, hair-cilices, and vows of poverty, masquerade so strangely through our fancy; and they are in fact so very strange an extinct species of the human family,—a veritable Monk of Bury St. Edmunds is worth attending to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is; and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments still clear; wherein the
30 marvellous image of his existence does still shadow

itself, though fitfully, and as with an intermittent light! Will not the reader peep with us into this singular *camera lucida*, where an extinct species, though fitfully, can still be seen alive? Extinct species, we say; for the live specimens which still go about under that character are too evidently to be classed as spurious in Natural History: the Gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no Monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world. But fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, 10 some fossil Megatherion, Ichthyosaurus, were to begin to *speak* from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly! The most extinct fossil species of Men or Monks can do, and does, this miracle,—thanks to the Letters of the Alphabet, good for so many things.

Jocelin, we said, was somewhat of a Boswell; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, inter- 20 mittent, and requires the intensest kindest inspection; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. It must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful child-like character, is but an altogether imperfect ‘mirror’ of these old-world things! The good man, he looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighbourly soft-smiling eyes we see so well our *own* shadow,—we have a longing always to cross-question him, to force from him an explanation of much. But no; Jocelin, though he 30 talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door

neighbour, will not answer any question: that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hundred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible! The good man, he cannot help it, nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple-hearted soul like him: Behold therefore, this England of the Year 1200 was no chimerical
10 vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporious Fantasms, and Doctrines of the Constitution; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it, the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn: ditches were dug; furrow-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of
20 breathing men; alternating, in all ways, between Light and Dark; between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil,—between hope, hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapour Fantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera* at all! Cœur-de-Lion was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel-cap on it, but a man living upon victuals,—*not* imported by Peel's Tariff. Cœur-de-Lion came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St. Edmundsbury; and had almost peeled the sacred gold '*Feretrum*,'
30 or St. Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Jail.

These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John; the very John *Sansterre*, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Charta* afterwards in Runnymede. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent: daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he;—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately 10 silent. Jocelin marks down what interests *him*; entirely deaf to *us*. With Jocelin's eyes we discern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy 20 nonsense;—tearing out the bowels of St. Edmundsbury Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as gift for our St. Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and *we* never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us 30 'thirteen *sterlingii*,' one shilling and one penny, to

say a mass for him ; and so departed,—like a shabby Lackland as he was ! ‘Thirteen pence sterling,’ this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him, having covenanted to do it,—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour !

And in this manner vanishes King Lackland ; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic-
10 mirror, jingling the shabby thirteen pence merely ; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin’s manner with all things ; and it is men’s manner and men’s necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin ; marking down, without eye to *us*, what *he* finds interesting ! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain ; so dim, yet so indubitable ; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland *was* there, verily he ;
20 and did leave these *tredecim sterlingii*, if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him ! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity ; the immeasurable one ; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever. Fiction, ‘Imagination,’ ‘Imaginative Poetry,’ &c., &c., except as the vehicle for truth, or *fact* of some sort,—which surely a man should first try various other ways of vehiculating,
30 and conveying safe,—what is it ? Let the Minerva and other Presses respond !—

But it is time we were in St. Edmundsbury Monastery, and Seven good Centuries off. If indeed it be possible, by any aid of Jocelin, by any human art, to get thither, with a reader or two still following us ?

CHAPTER II.

ST. EDMUNDSBURY

THE *Burg*, Bury, or 'Berry' as they call it, of St. Edmund is still a prosperous brisk Town; beautifully diversifying, with its clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, and twenty or fifteen thousand busy souls, the general grassy face of Suffolk; looking out right pleasantly, from its hill-slope, towards the rising Sun: and on the eastern edge of it, still runs, long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins; into the wide internal spaces of which the
10 stranger is admitted on payment of one shilling. Internal spaces laid out, at present, as a botanic garden. Here stranger, or townsman, sauntering at his leisure amid these vast grim venerable ruins, may persuade himself that an Abbey of St. Edmundsbury did once exist; nay there is no doubt of it: see here the ancient massive Gateway, of architecture interesting to the eye of Dilettantism; and farther on, that other ancient Gateway, now about to tumble, unless Dilettantism, in these very
20 months, can subscribe money to cramp it and prop it!

Here, sure enough, is an Abbey; beautiful in the

eye of Dilettantism. Giant Pedantry also will step in, with its huge *Dugdale* and other enormous *Monasticons* under its arm, and cheerfully apprise you, That this was a very great Abbey, owner and indeed creator of St. Edmund's Town itself, owner of wide lands and revenues; nay that its lands were once a county of themselves; that indeed King Canute or Knut was very kind to it, and gave St. Edmund his own gold crown off his head, on one occasion: for the rest, that the Monks were of 10 such and such a genus, such and such a number; that they had so many carucates of land in this hundred, and so many in that; and then farther that the large Tower or Belfry was built by such a one, and the smaller Belfry was built by &c. &c.—Till human nature can stand no more of it; till human nature desperately take refuge in forgetfulness, almost in flat disbelief of the whole business, Monks, Monastery, Belfries, Carucates and all! Alas, what mountains of dead ashes, wreck and 20 burnt bones, does assiduous Pedantry dig up from the Past Time, and name it History, and Philosophy of History; till, as we say, the human soul sinks wearied and bewildered; till the Past Time seems all one infinite incredible gray void, without sun, stars, hearth-fires, or candle-light; dim offensive dust-whirlwinds filling universal Nature; and over your Historical Library, it is as if all the Titans had written for themselves: DRY RUBBISH SHOT HERE!

And yet these grim old walls are not a dilet-

tantism and dubiety ; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for ! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. Gauge not, with thy dilettante compasses, with that placid dilettante simper, the Heaven's-Watchtower of our Fathers, the fallen God's-Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed !

- 10 Their architecture, belfries, land-carucates ? Yes, —and that is but a small item of the matter. Does it never give thee pause, this other strange item of it, that men then had a *soul*,—not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech ; but as a truth that they *knew*, and practically went upon ! Verily it was another world then. Their Missals have become incredible, a sheer platitude, sayest thou ? Yes, a most poor platitude ; and even, if thou wilt, an idolatry and blasphemy, should any one persuade
20 *thee* to believe them, to pretend praying by them. But yet it is pity we had lost tidings of our souls : —actually we shall have to go in quest of them again, or worse in all ways will befall ! A certain degree of soul, as Ben Jonson reminds us, is indispensable to keep the very body from destruction of the frightfulest sort ; to ‘save us,’ says he, ‘the expense of *salt*.’ Ben has known men who had soul enough to keep their body and five senses from becoming carrion, and ‘save salt :—men, and also
30 Nations.

Another world, truly : and this present poor dis-

tressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest, O dilettante friend, let us know always that it *was* a world, and not a void infinite of gray haze with fantasms swimming in it. These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with fantasms; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an 10 Eternity, in such fashion as we could? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil: still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there! It is dead now, and dumb; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle,—looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers; and men, of many 20 humours, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins;—and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes; making strange prophetic music! How silent now; all departed, clean gone. The World-Dramaturgist has written: *Exeunt*. The Devouring Time-Demons have made away with it all: and in its stead, there is either nothing; or what is 30 worse, offensive universal dust-clouds, and gray

eclipse of Earth and Heaven, from 'dry rubbish shot here!'—

Truly it is no easy matter to get across the chasm of Seven Centuries, filled with such material. But here, of all helps, is not a Boswell the welcomest; even a small Boswell? Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these always! He that speaks what is really in him, will find men to listen, 10 though under never such impediments. Even gossip, springing free and cheery from a human heart, this too is a kind of veracity and *speech*;—much preferable to pedantry and inane gray haze! Jocelin is weak and garrulous, but he is human. Through the thin watery gossip of our Jocelin, we do get some glimpses of that deep-buried Time; discern veritably, though in a fitful intermittent manner, these antique figures and their life-method, face to face! Beautifully, in our earnest loving glance, the 20 old centuries melt from opaque to partially translucent, transparent here and there; and the void black Night, one finds, is but the summing-up of innumerable peopled luminous *Days*. Not parchment Chartularies, Doctrines of the Constitution, O Dryasdust; not altogether, my erudite friend!—

Readers who please to go along with us into this poor *Jocelini Chronica* shall wander inconveniently enough, as in wintry twilight, through some poor stript hazel-grove, rustling with foolish noises, and 30 perpetually hindering the eyesight; but across which, here and there, some real human figure is seen

moving: very strange; whom we could hail if he would answer;—and we look into a pair of eyes deep as our own, *imaging* our own, but all unconscious of us; to whom we, for the time, are become as spirits and invisible!

CHAPTER III.

LANDLORD EDMUND

SOME three centuries or so had elapsed since *Beodric's-worth* became St. Edmund's *Stow*, St. Edmund's *Town* and Monastery, before Jocelin entered himself a Novice there. 'It was,' says he, 'the year after the Flemings were defeated at 'Fornham St. Genevieve.'

Much passes away into oblivion: this glorious victory over the Flemings at Fornham has, at the present date, greatly dimmed itself out of the
10 minds of men. A victory and battle nevertheless it was, in its time: some thrice-renowned Earl of Leicester, not of the De Montfort breed, had quarrelled with his sovereign, Henry Second of the name; had been worsted, it is like, and maltreated, and obliged to fly to foreign parts; but had rallied there into new vigour; and so, in the year 1173, returns across the German Sea with a vengeful army of Flemings. Returns, to the coast of Suffolk; to Framlingham Castle, where he is welcomed;
20 westward towards St. Edmundsbury and Fornham Church, where he is met by the constituted authorities with *posse comitatus*; and swiftly cut in

pieces, he and his, or laid by the heels; on the right bank of the obscure river Lark,—as traces still existing will verify.

For the river Lark, though not very discoverably, still runs or stagnates in that country; and the battle-ground is there; serving at present as a pleasure-ground to his Grace of Northumberland. Copper pennies of Henry II. are still found there;—rotted out from the pouches of poor slain soldiers, who had not had *time* to buy liquor with them. 10 In the river Lark itself was fished up, within man's memory, an antique gold ring; which fond Diletantism can almost believe may have been the very ring Countess Leicester threw away, in her flight, into the same Lark river or ditch. Nay, few years ago, in tearing out an enormous superannuated ash-tree, now grown quite corpulent, bursten, superfluous, but long a fixture in the soil, and not to be dislodged without revolution,—there was laid bare, under its roots, 'a circular mound of skeletons 20 wonderfully complete,' all radiating from a centre, faces upwards, feet inwards; a 'radiation' not of Light, but of the Nether Darkness rather; and evidently the fruit of battle; for 'many of the heads were cleft, or had arrow-holes in them.' The Battle of Fornham, therefore, is a fact, though a forgotten one; no less obscure than undeniable,—like so many other facts.

Like the St. Edmund's Monastery itself! Who 30 can doubt, after what we have said, that there was

a Monastery here at one time? No doubt at all there was a Monastery here; no doubt, some three centuries prior to this Fornham Battle, there dwelt a man in these parts of the name of Edmund, King, Landlord, Duke or whatever his title was, of the Eastern Counties;—and a very singular man and landlord he must have been.

For his tenants, it would appear, did not in the least complain of him; his labourers did not think
10 of burning his wheatstacks, breaking into his game-preserves; very far the reverse of all that. Clear evidence, satisfactory even to my friend Dryasdust, exists that, on the contrary, they honoured, loved, admired this ancient Landlord to a quite astonishing degree,—and indeed at last to an immeasurable and inexpressible degree; for, finding no limits or utterable words for their sense of his worth, they took to beatifying and adoring him! ‘Infinite admiration,’ we are taught, ‘means worship.’

20 Very singular,—could we discover it! What Edmund’s specific duties were; above all, what his method of discharging them with such results was, would surely be interesting to know; but are *not* very discoverable now. His Life has become a poetic, nay a religious *Mythus*; though, undeniably enough, it was once a prose Fact, as our poor lives are; and even a very rugged unmanageable one. This landlord Edmund did go about in leather shoes, with *femoralia* and bodycoat of some sort on
30 him; and daily had his breakfast to procure; and daily had contradictory speeches, and most contra-

dictory facts not a few, to reconcile with himself. No man becomes a Saint in his sleep. Edmund, for instance, instead of *reconciling* those same contradictory facts and speeches to himself,—which means *subduing*, and in a manlike and godlike manner conquering them to himself,—might have merely thrown new contention into them, new un-wisdom into them, and so been conquered *by* them; much the commoner case! In that way he had proved no ‘Saint,’ or Divine-looking Man, but a 10 mere Sinner, and unfortunate, blameable, more or less Diabolical-looking man! No landlord Edmund becomes infinitely admirable in his sleep.

How then, it may be asked, did this Edmund rise into favour; become to such astonishing extent a recognised Farmer’s Friend? Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, ‘had walked,’ as they say, ‘humbly with God’; humbly and valiantly with God; struggling 20 to make the Earth heavenly as he could; instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked.

That he could, on occasion, do what he liked with his own, is meanwhile evident enough. Certain Heathen Physical-Force Ultra-Chartists, ‘Danes’ as they were then called, coming into his territory with their ‘five points,’ or rather with their five-and-twenty thousand *points* and edges too, of pikes namely and battle-axes; and proposing mere Heathen- 30 ism, confiscation, spoliation, and fire and sword,—

Edmund answered that he would oppose to the utmost such savagery. They took him prisoner; again required his sanction to said proposals. Edmund again refused. Cannot we kill you? cried they.—Cannot I die? answered he. My life, I think, is my own to do what I like with! And he died, under barbarous tortures, refusing to the last breath: and the Ultra-Chartist Danes *lost* their propositions;—and went with their ‘points’ and
10 other apparatus, as is supposed, to the Devil, the Father of them. Some say, indeed, these Danes were not Ultra-Chartists, but Ultra-Tories, demanding to reap where they had not sown, and live in this world without working, though all the world should starve for it; which likewise seems a possible hypothesis. Be what they might, they went, as we say, to the Devil; and Edmund doing what he liked with his own, the Earth was got cleared of them.

Another version is, that Edmund on this and
20 the like occasions stood by his order; the oldest, and indeed only true order of Nobility known under the stars, that of Just Men and Sons of God, in opposition to Unjust and Sons of Belial,—which latter indeed are *second*-oldest, but yet a very unvenerable order. This, truly, seems the likeliest hypothesis of all. Names and appearances alter so strangely, in some half-score centuries; and all fluctuates chameleon-like, taking now this hue, now that. Thus much is very plain, and does not
30 change hue: Landlord Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man’s part in this

life-pilgrimage of his; and benedictions, and out-flowing love and admiration from the universal heart, were his meed. Well-done! Well-done! cried the hearts of all men. They raised his slain and martyred body; washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears; tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. The beautifullest kind of tears,—indeed perhaps the beautifullest kind of thing: like a sky of flashing diamonds and prismatic radiance; all weeping, yet shone on by the 10 everlasting Sun:—and *this* is not a sky, it is a Soul and living Face! Nothing liker the *Temple of the Highest*, bright with some real effulgence of the Highest, is seen in this world.

Oh, if all Yankee-land follow a small good ‘Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist’ with blazing torches, dinner-invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something; how might all Angle-land once follow a hero-martyr and great true Son of Heaven! It is the very joy of 20 man’s heart to admire, where he can; nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration. Thus it has been said, ‘all men, especially all women, are born worshippers’; and will worship, if it be but possible. Possible to worship a Something, even a small one; not so possible a mere loud-blaring Nothing! What sight is more pathetic than that of poor multitudes of persons met to gaze at Kings’ Progresses, Lord Mayors’ Shows, and other gilt-ginger-bread pheno- 30 mena of the worshipful sort, in these times; each

so eager to worship; each, with a dim fatal sense of disappointment, finding that he cannot rightly here! These be thy gods, O Israel? And thou art so *willing* to worship,—poor Israel!

In this manner, however, did the men of the Eastern Counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the severed head, and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh
10 and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious adoring admiration, and sun-dyed showers of tears;—joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus-Diaboli* pleadings
20 and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared: That he had, in very fact, led a hero's life in this world; and being now *gone*, was gone, as they conceived, to God above, and reaping his reward *there*. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case;—and truly not a bad judgment. Acquiesced in, zealously adopted, with full assent of 'private judgment,' by all mortals.

30 The rest of St. Edmund's history, for the reader sees he has now become a *Saint*, is easily con-

ceivable. Pious munificence provided him a *loculus*, a *feretrum* or shrine; built for him a wooden chapel, a stone temple, ever widening and growing by new pious gifts;—such the overflowing heart feels it a blessedness to solace itself by giving. St. Edmund's Shrine glitters now with diamond flower-ages, with a plating of wrought gold. The wooden chapel, as we say, has become a stone temple. Stately masonries, long-drawn arches, cloisters, sounding aisles buttress it, begirdle it far and wide. 10 Regimented companies of men, of whom our Jocelin is one, devote themselves, in every generation, to meditate here on man's Nobleness and Awfulness, and celebrate and show forth the same, as they best can,—thinking they will do it better here, in presence of God the Maker, and of the so Awful and so Noble made by Him. In one word, St. Edmund's Body has raised a Monastery round it. To such length, in such manner, has the Spirit of the Time visibly taken body, and crystallised itself here. 20 New gifts, houses, farms, *katalla*—come ever in. King Knut, whom men call Canute, whom the Ocean-tide would not be forbidden to wet,—we heard already of this wise King, with his crown and gifts; but of many others, Kings, Queens, Wise men and noble loyal women, let Dryasdust and divine Silence be the record! Beodric's-Worth has become St. Edmund's *Bury*;—and lasts visible to this hour. All this that thou now seest, and namest Bury Town, is properly the Funeral Monument of Saint or Landlord Edmund. The present respectab

Mayor of Bury may be said to have his dwelling in the extensive, many-sculptured Tombstone of St. Edmund; in one of the brick niches thereof dwells the present respectable Mayor of Bury.

Certain Times do crystallise themselves in a magnificent manner; and others, perhaps, are like to do it in rather a shabby one!—But Richard Arkwright too will have his Monument, a thousand years hence: all Lancashire and Yorkshire, and
10 how many other shires and countries, with their machineries and industries, for his monument! A true pyramid or '*flame-mountain*,' flaming with steam fires and useful labour over wide continents, usefully towards the Stars, to a certain height;—how much grander than your foolish Cheops Pyramids or Sakhara clay ones! Let us withal be hopeful, be content or patient.

CHAPTER IV.

ABBOT HUGO

ABBOT HUGO, as Jocelin, breaking at once into the heart of the business, apprises us, had in those days grown old, grown rather blind, and his eyes were somewhat darkened, *aliquantulum caligaverunt oculi ejus*. He dwelt apart very much, in his *Talamus* or peculiar Chamber; got into the hands of flatterers, a set of mealy-mouthed persons who strove to make the passing hour easy for him,—for him easy, and for themselves profitable; accumulating in the distance mere mountains of confusion. Old Dominus 10 Hugo sat inaccessible in this way, far in the interior, wrapt in his warm flannels and delusions; inaccessible to all voice of Fact; and bad grew ever worse with us. Not that our worthy old *Dominus Abbas* was inattentive to the divine offices, or to the maintenance of a devout spirit in us or in himself; but the Account-Books of the Convent fell into the frightfulest state, and Hugo's annual Budget grew yearly emptier, or filled with futile expectations, fatal deficit, wind and debts!

His one worldly care was to raise ready money sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And he

he raised it: From usurious insatiable Jews; every fresh Jew sticking on him like a fresh horseleech, sucking his and our life out; crying continually, Give, give! Take one example instead of scores. Our *Camera* having fallen into ruin, William the Sacristan received charge to repair it; strict charge, but no money; Abbot Hugo would, and indeed could, give him no fraction of money. The *Camera* in ruins, and Hugo penniless and inaccessible,
10 Willelmus Sacrista borrowed Forty Marcs (some Seven-and-twenty Pounds) of Benedict the Jew, and patched-up our *Camera* again. But the means of repaying him? There were no means. Hardly could *Sacrista*, *Cellerarius*, or any public officer, get ends to meet, on the indispensablest scale, with their shrunk allowances: ready money had vanished.

Benedict's Twenty-seven pounds grew rapidly at compound-interest; and at length, when it had
20 amounted to a Hundred pounds, he, on a day of settlement, presents the account to Hugo himself. Hugo already owed him another Hundred of his own; and so here it has become Two Hundred! Hugo, in a fine frenzy, threatens to depose the Sacristan, to do this and do that; but, in the mean while, How to quiet your insatiable Jew? Hugo, for this couple of hundreds, grants the Jew his bond for Four hundred payable at the end of four years. At the end of four years there is, of course, still no money; and the Jew now gets a bond for Eight hundred and eighty pounds, to be

paid by instalments, Fourscore pounds every year. Here was a way of doing business!

Neither yet is this insatiable Jew satisfied or settled with: he had papers against us of 'small debts fourteen years old'; his modest claim amounts finally to 'Twelve hundred pounds besides interest';—and one hopes he never got satisfied in this world: one almost hopes he was one of those beleaguered Jews who hanged themselves in York Castle shortly afterwards, and had his usances and 10 quittances and horseleech papers summarily set fire to! For approximate justice will strive to accomplish itself; if not in one way, then in another. Jews, and also Christians and Heathens, who accumulate in this manner, though furnished with never so many parchments, do, at times, 'get their grinder-teeth successively pulled out of their head, each day a new grinder,' till they consent to disgorge again. A sad fact,—worth reflecting on.

Jocelin, we see, is not without secularity: Our 20 *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his Account-Books—?—One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Jocelin's *Chronicle*, and indeed in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic Books, written evidently by pious men, is this, That there is almost no mention whatever of 'personal religion' in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' 'God's honour' (meaning the honour of our Saint), and so forth. Is not this singular?

body of men, set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure: the 'Ideal' says nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for
10 another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout good souls, be perhaps a merit, and sign of health in them? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet no Doubt or even root of Doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonising inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken
20 of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete Religion the highest aspect of human nature; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two, all manner of introspections, agonising inquiries, never so morbid, shall play their respective parts, not without approbation.

But let any reader fancy himself one of the Brethren in St. Edmundsbury Monastery under such circumstances! How can a Lord Abbot, all
30 stuck-over with horseleeches of this nature, front the world? He is fast losing his life-blood, and

the Convent will be as one of Pharaoh's lean kine. Old monks of experience draw their hoods deeper down; careful what they say: the monk's first duty is obedience. Our Lord the King, hearing of such work, sends down his Almoner to make investigations: but what boots it? Abbot Hugo assembles us in Chapter; asks, "If there is any complaint?" Not a soul of us dare answer, "Yes, thousands!" but we all stand silent, and the Prior even says that things are in a very comfortable condition.¹⁰ Whereupon old Abbot Hugo, turning to the royal messenger, says, "You see!"—and the business terminates in that way. I, as a brisk-eyed noticing youth and novice, could not help asking of the elders, asking of Magister Samson in particular: Why he, well-instructed and a knowing man, had not spoken out, and brought matters to a bearing? Magister Samson was Teacher of the Novices, appointed to breed us up to the rules, and I loved him well. "*Fili mi*," answered Samson, "the burnt²⁰ child shuns the fire. Dost thou not know, our Lord the Abbot sent me once to Acre in Norfolk, to solitary confinement and bread-and-water, already? The Hinghams, Hugo and Robert, have just got home from banishment for speaking. This is the hour of darkness: the hour when flatterers rule and are believed. *Videat Dominus*, let the Lord see, and judge."

In very truth, what could poor old Abbot Hugo do? A frail old man, and the Philistines were³⁰ upon him,—that is to say, the Hebrews. He had

nothing for it but to shrink away from them; get back into his warm flannels, into his warm delusions again. Happily, before it was quite too late, he bethought him of pilgriming to St. Thomas of Canterbury. He set out, with a fit train, in the autumn days of the year 1180; near Rochester City, his mule threw him, dislocated his poor kneepan, raised incurable inflammatory fever; and the poor old man got his dismissal from the whole coil at once. St. 10 Thomas à Becket, though in a circuitous way, had *brought* deliverance! Neither Jew usurers, nor grumbling monks, nor other importunate despicability of men or mud-elements afflicted Abbot Hugo any more; but he dropt his rosaries, closed his account-books, closed his old eyes, and lay down into the long sleep. Heavy-laden hoary old Dominus Hugo, fare thee well.

One thing we cannot mention without a due thrill of horror: namely, that in the empty exchequer 20 of Dominus Hugo, there was not found one penny to distribute to the Poor that they might pray for his soul! By a kind of godsend, Fifty shillings did, in the very nick of time, fall due, or seem to fall due, from one of his Farmers (the *Firmarius* de Palegrava), and he paid it, and the Poor had it; though, alas, this too only *seemed* to fall due, and we had it to pay again afterwards. Dominus Hugo's apartments were plundered by his servants, to the last portable stool, in a few minutes after the breath 30 was out of his body. Forlorn old Hugo, fare thee well forever.

CHAPTER V.

TWELFTH CENTURY

OUR Abbot being dead, the *Domnus Rex*, Henry II., or Ranulf de Glanvill *Justiciarius* of England for him, set Inspectors or Custodians over us;—not in any breathless haste to appoint a new Abbot, our revenues coming into his own *Scaccarium*, or royal Exchequer, in the mean while. They proceeded with some rigour, these Custodians; took written inventories, clapt-on seals, exacted everywhere strict tale and measure: but wherefore should a living monk complain? The living monk 10 has to do his devotional drill-exercise; consume his allotted *pitantia*, what we call *pittance*, or ration of victual; and possess his soul in patience.

Dim, as through a long vista of Seven Centuries, dim and very strange looks that monk-life to us; the ever-surprising circumstance this, That it is a *fact* and no dream, that we see it there, and gaze into the very eyes of it! Smoke rises daily from those culinary chimney-throats; there are living human beings there, who chant, loud-braying, their matins, 20 nones, vespers; awakening *echoes*, not to the bodily ear alone. St. Edmund's Shrine, perpetually illu-

minated, glows ruddy through the Night, and through the Night of Centuries withal; St. Edmundsbury Town paying yearly Forty pounds for that express end. Bells clang out; on great occasions, all the bells. We have Processions, Preachings, Festivals, Christmas Plays, *Mysteries* shown in the Churchyard, at which latter the Townsfolk sometimes quarrel. Time was, Time is, as Friar Bacon's Brass Head remarked; and withal Time will be.

10 There are three Tenses, *Tempora*, or Times; and there is one Eternity; and as for us,

'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!'

Indisputable, though very dim to modern vision, rests on its hill-slope that same *Bury, Stow*, or Town of St. Edmund; already a considerable place, not without traffic, nay manufactures, would Jocelin only tell us what. Jocelin is totally careless of telling: but, through dim fitful apertures, we can see *Fullones*, 'Fullers,' see cloth-making; looms dimly

20 going, dye-vats, and old women spinning yarn. We have Fairs too, *Nundinæ*, in due course; and the Londoners give us much trouble, pretending that they, as a metropolitan people, are exempt from toll. Besides there is Field-husbandry, with perplexed settlement of Convent rents; corn-ricks pile themselves within burgh, in their season; and cattle depart and enter; and even the poor weaver has his cow,—'dungheaps' lying quiet at most doors (*ante foras*, says the incidental Jocelin), for the Town

30 has yet no improved police. Watch and ward nevertheless we do keep, and have Gates,—as what Town

must not; thieves so abounding; war, *werra*, such a frequent thing! Our thieves, at the Abbot's judgment-bar, deny; claim wager of battle; fight, are beaten, and *then* hanged. 'Ketel, the thief,' took this course; and it did nothing for him,—merely brought us, and indeed himself, new trouble!

Everyway a most foreign Time. What difficulty, for example, has our *Cellerarius* to collect the *repselver*, 'reaping silver,' or penny, which each householder is by law bound to pay for cutting down the Convent 10 grain! Richer people pretend that it is commuted, that it is this and the other; that, in short, they will not pay it. Our *Cellerarius* gives up calling on the rich. In the houses of the poor, our *Cellerarius* finding, in like manner, neither penny nor good promise, snatches, without ceremony, what *vadium* (pledge, *wail*) he can come at: a joint-stool, kettle, nay the very house-door, '*hostium*'; and old women, thus exposed to the unfeeling gaze of the public, rush out after him with their distaffs and the angriest shrieks: '*vetulæ exhibant cum colis suis*,' 20 says Jocelin, '*minantes et exprobrantes*.'

What a historical picture, glowing visible, as St. Edmund's Shrine by night, after Seven long Centuries or so! *Vetulæ cum colis*: My venerable ancient spinning grandmothers,—ah, and ye too have to shriek, and rush out with your distaffs; and become Female Chartists, and scold all evening with void doorway;—and in old Saxon, as we in modern, would fain demand some Five-point Charter, could it be 30 fallen-in with, the Earth being too tyrannous!—

Wise Lord Abbots, hearing of such phenomena, did in time abolish or commute the reap-penny, and one nuisance was abated. But the image of these justly offended old women, in their old wool costumes, with their angry features, and spindles brandished, lives forever in the historical memory. Thanks to thee, Jocelin Boswell. Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders, and again lost by them; and Richard Cœur-de-Lion 'veiled his face' as he passed in
10 sight of it: but how many other things went on, the while!

Thus, too, our trouble with the Lakenheath eels is very great. King Knut namely, or rather his Queen who also did herself honour by honouring St. Edmund, decreed by authentic deed yet extant on parchment, that the Holders of the Town Fields, once Beodric's, should, for one thing, go yearly and catch us four thousand eels in the marsh-pools of Lakenheath. Well, they went, they continued to
20 go; but, in later times, got into the way of returning with a most short account of eels. Not the due six-score apiece; no, Here are two-score, Here are twenty, ten,—sometimes, Here are none at all; Heaven help us, we *could* catch no more, they were not there! What is a distressed *Cellerarius* to do? We agree that each Holder of so many acres shall pay one penny yearly, and let-go the eels as too slippery. But, alas, neither is this quite effectual: the Fields, in my time, have got divided among so
30 many hands, there is no catching of *them* either; I have known our Cellarer get seven-and-twenty

pence formerly, and now it is much if he get ten pence farthing (*viz decem denarios et obolum*). And then their sheep, which they are bound to fold nightly in our pens, for the manure's sake; and, I fear, do not always fold: and their *aver-pennies*, and their *avragiums*, and their *foder-corns*, and mill-and-market dues! Thus, in its undeniable but dim manner, does old St. Edmundsbury spin and till, and laboriously keep its pot boiling, and St. Edmund's Shrine lighted, under such conditions and averages 10 as it can.

CHAPTER VI.

MONK SAMSON

WITHIN doors, down at the hill-foot, in our Convent here, we Monks of St. Edmundsbury are but a limited class of creatures, and seem to have a somewhat dull life of it. Much given to idle gossip; having indeed no other work, when our chanting is over. Listless gossip, for most part, and a mitigated slander; the fruit of idleness, not of spleen. We are dull, insipid men, many of us; easy-minded; whom prayer and digestion of food will avail for a life. We have
10 to receive all strangers in our Convent, and lodge them gratis; such and such sorts go by rule to the Lord Abbot and his special revenues; such and such to us and our poor Cellarer, however straitened. Jews themselves send their wives and little ones hither in war-time, into our *Pitanceria*; where they abide safe, with due *pittances*,—for a consideration. We have the fairest chances for collecting news. Some of us have a turn for reading Books; for meditation, silence; at times we even write Books.
20 Some of us can preach, in English-Saxon, in Norman-French, and even in Monk-Latin; others cannot in any language or jargon, being stupid.

Failing all else, what gossip about one another! This is a perennial resource. How one hooded head applies itself to the ear of another, and whispers—*tacenda*. Willelmus Sacrista, for instance, what does he nightly, over in that Sacristy of his? Frequent bibations, '*frequentes bibationes et quædam tacenda*,'—eheu! We have '*tempora minutionis*,' stated seasons of blood-letting, when we are all let blood together; and then there is a general free-conference, a sanhedrim of clatter. Notwithstanding our vow 10 of poverty, we can by rule amass to the extent of 'two shillings'; but it is to be given to our necessitous kindred, or in charity. Poor Monks! Thus too a certain Canterbury Monk was in the habit of 'slipping, *clanculo*, from his sleeve,' five shillings into the hand of his mother, when she came to see him, at the divine offices, every two months. Once, slipping the money clandestinely, just in the act of taking leave, he slipt it not into her hand but on the floor, and another had it; whereupon the poor 20 Monk, coming to know it, looked mere despair for some days; till Lanfranc the noble Archbishop, questioning his secret from him, nobly made the sum *seven* shillings, and said, Never mind!

One Monk, of a taciturn nature, distinguishes himself among these babbling ones: the name of him Samson; he that answered Jocelin, "*Fili mi*, a burnt child shuns the fire." They call him '*Norfolk Barrator*,' or litigious person; for indeed, being 30 of grave taciturn ways, he is not universally a

favourite; he has been in trouble more than once. The reader is desired to mark this Monk. A personable man of seven-and-forty; stout-made, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive, grave, with 'a very eminent nose'; his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with gray. This is Brother Samson; a man worth
10 looking at.

He is from Norfolk, as the nickname indicates; from Tottington in Norfolk, as we guess; the son of poor parents there. He has told me Jocelin, for I loved him much, That once in his ninth year he had an alarming dream;—as indeed we are all somewhat given to dreaming here. Little Samson, lying uneasily in his crib at Tottington, dreamed that he saw the Arch Enemy in person, just alighted in front of some grand building, with outspread bat-
20 wings, and stretching forth detestable clawed hands to grip him, little Samson, and fly-off with him: whereupon the little dreamer shrieked desperate to St. Edmund for help, shrieked and again shrieked; and St. Edmund, a reverend heavenly figure, did come,—and indeed poor little Samson's mother, awakened by his shrieking, did come; and the Devil and the Dream both fled away fruitless. On the morrow, his mother, pondering such an awful dream, thought it were good to take him over to St.
30 Edmund's own Shrine, and pray with him there. See, said little Samson at sight of the Abbey-Gate;

see, mother, this is the building I dreamed of ! His poor mother dedicated him to St. Edmund,—left him there with prayers and tears : what better could she do ? The exposition of the dream, Brother Samson used to say, was this : *Diabolus* with outspread bat-wings shadowed forth the pleasures of this world, *voluptates hujus sæculi*, which were about to snatch and fly away with me, had not St. Edmund flung his arms round me, that is to say, made me a monk of his. A monk, accordingly, Brother Samson 10 is ; and here to this day where his mother left him. A learned man, of devout grave nature ; has studied at Paris, has taught in the Town Schools here, and done much else ; can preach in three languages, and, like Dr. Caius, ‘has had losses’ in his time. A thoughtful, firm-standing man ; much loved by some, not loved by all ; his clear eyes flashing into you, in an almost inconvenient way !

Abbot Hugo, as we said, had his own difficulties with him ; Abbot Hugo had him in prison once, to 20 teach him what authority was, and how to dread the fire in future. For Brother Samson, in the time of the Antipopes, had been sent to Rome on business ; and, returning successful, was too late,—the business had all misgone in the interim ! As tours to Rome are still frequent with us English, perhaps the reader will not grudge to look at the method of travelling thither in those remote ages. We happily have, in small compass, a personal narrative of it. Through the clear eyes and 30 memory of Brother Samson one peeps direct into

the very bosom of that Twelfth Century, and finds it rather curious. The actual *Papa*, Father, or universal President of Christendom, as yet not grown chimerical, sat there; think of that only! Brother Samson went to Rome as to the real Light-fountain of this lower world; we now—!— But let us hear Brother Samson, as to his mode of travelling:

‘ You know what trouble I had for that Church
10 of Woolpit; how I was despatched to Rome in the time of the Schism between Pope Alexander and Octavian; and passed through Italy at that season, when all clergy carrying letters for our Lord Pope Alexander were laid hold of, and some were clapt in prison, some hanged; and some, with nose and lips cut off, were sent forward to our Lord the Pope. for the disgrace and confusion of him (*in dedecus et confusionem ejus*). I, however, pretended to be Scotch, and putting on the garb of a Scotchman,
20 and taking the gesture of one, walked along; and when anybody mocked at me, I would brandish my staff in the manner of that weapon they call *gaveloc*, uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch. To those that met and questioned me who I was, I made no answer but: *Ride, ride Rome; turne Cantwereberei*. Thus did I, to conceal myself and my errand, and get safer to Rome under the guise of a Scotchman.

‘ Having at last obtained a Letter from our Lord
30 the Pope according to my wishes, I turned homewards again. I had to pass through a certain strong town

on my road; and lo, the soldiers thereof surrounded me, seizing me, and saying: "This vagabond (*iste solivagus*), who pretends to be Scotch, is either a spy, or has Letters from the false Pope Alexander." And whilst they examined every stitch and rag of me, my leggings (*caligas*), breeches, and even the old shoes that I carried over my shoulder in the way of the Scotch,—I put my hand into the leather scrip I wore, wherein our Lord the Pope's Letter lay, close by a little jug (*ciffus*) I had for drinking out 10 of; and the Lord God so pleasing, and St. Edmund, I got out both the Letter and the jug together; in such a way that, extending my arm aloft, I held the Letter hidden between jug and hand: they saw the jug, but the Letter they saw not. And thus I escaped out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had, they took from me; wherefore I had to beg from door to door, without any payment (*sine omni expensa*) till I came to England again. But hearing that the Woolpit Church was 20 already given to Geoffrey Ridell, my soul was struck with sorrow because I had laboured in vain. Coming home, therefore, I sat me down secretly under the Shrine of St. Edmund, fearing lest our Lord Abbot should seize and imprison me, though I had done no mischief; nor was there a monk who durst speak to me, nor a laic who durst bring me food except by stealth.'

Such resting and welcoming found Brother Samson, with his worn soles, and strong heart! He 30 sits silent, revolving many thoughts, at the foot of

St. Edmund's Shrine. In the wide Earth, if it be not Saint Edmund, what friend or refuge has he ? Our Lord Abbot, hearing of him, sent the proper officer to lead him down to prison, and clap 'foot-gyves on him' there. Another poor official furtively brought him a cup of wine ; bade him "be comforted in the Lord." Samson utters no complaint ; obeys in silence. 'Our Lord Abbot, taking counsel of it, banished me to Acre, and there I had to stay
10 long.'

Our Lord Abbot next tried Samson with promotions ; made him Subsacristan, made him Librarian, which he liked best of all, being passionately fond of Books : Samson, with many thoughts in him, again obeyed in silence ; discharged his offices to perfection, but never thanked our Lord Abbot,—seemed rather as if looking into him, with those clear eyes of his. Whereupon Abbot Hugo said, *Se nunquam vidisse*, He had never seen such a man ;
20 whom no severity would break to complain, and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks :—a questionable kind of man !

In this way, not without troubles, but still in an erect clear-standing manner, has Brother Samson reached his forty-seventh year ; and his ruddy beard is getting slightly grizzled. He is endeavouring, in these days, to have various broken things thatched in ; nay perhaps to have the Choir itself completed, for he can bear nothing ruinous. He has gathered 'heaps
30 of lime and sand' ; has masons, slaters working, he and *Warinus monachus noster*, who are joint keepers

of the Shrine; paying out the money duly,—furnished by charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury, they say. Charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury? To me Jocelin it seems rather, Samson, and Warinus whom he leads, have privily hoarded the oblations at the Shrine itself, in these late years of indolent dilapidation, while Abbot Hugo sat wrapt inaccessible; and are struggling, in this prudent way, to have the rain kept out!—Under what conditions, sometimes, has Wisdom to 10 struggle with Folly; get Folly persuaded to so much as thatch out the rain from itself! For, indeed, if the Infant govern the Nurse, what dexterous practice on the Nurse's part will not be necessary!

It is a new regret to us that, in these circumstances, our Lord the King's Custodians, interfering, prohibited all building or thatching from whatever source: and no Choir shall be completed, and Rain and Time, for the present, shall have their way. 20 Willelmus Sacrista, he of 'the frequent bibations and some things not to be spoken of'; he, with his red nose, I am of opinion, had made complaint to the Custodians; wishing to do Samson an ill turn:—Samson his *Sub-sacristan*, with those clear eyes, could not be a prime favourite of his! Samson again obeys in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CANVASSING

Now, however, came great news to St. Edmundsbury: That there is to be an Abbot elected; that our interlunar obscuration is to cease; St. Edmund's Convent no more to be a doleful widow, but joyous and once again a bride! Often in our widowed state had we prayed to the Lord and St. Edmund, singing weekly a matter of 'one-and-twenty penitential Psalms, on our knees in the Choir,' that a fit Pastor might be vouchsafed us. And, says Jocelin, 10 had some known what Abbot we were to get, they had not been so devout, I believe!—Bozzy Jocelin opens to mankind the floodgates of authentic Convent gossip; we listen to the inanest hubbub, like the voices at Virgil's Horn-Gate of Dreams. Even gossip, seven centuries off, has significance. List, list, how like men are to one another in all centuries:

‘*Dixit quidam de quodam*, A certain person said of a certain person, “He, that *Frater*, is a good 20 monk, *probabilis persona*; knows much of the order and customs of the church; and, though not so perfect a philosopher as some others, would make

a very good Abbot. Old Abbot Ordning, still famed among us, knew little of letters. Besides, as we read in Fables, it is better to choose a log for king, than a serpent never so wise, that will venomously hiss and bite his subjects.”—“Impossible” answered the other: “How can such a man make a sermon in the Chapter, or to the people on festival-days, when he is without letters? How can he have the skill to bind and to loose, he who does not understand the Scriptures? How—?”’ 10

And then ‘another said of another, *alius de alio*, “That *Frater* is a *homo literatus*, eloquent, sagacious; vigorous in discipline; loves the Convent much, has suffered much for its sake.” To which a third party answers, “From all your great clerks, good Lord deliver us! From Norfolk barrators and surly persons, That it would please thee to preserve us, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!” Then another *quidam* said of another *quodam*, “That *Frater* is a good manager (*husebondus*)”; but was 20 swiftly answered, “God forbid that a man who can neither read nor chant, nor celebrate the divine offices, an unjust person withal, and grinder of the faces of the poor, should ever be Abbot!”’ One man, it appears, is nice in his victuals. Another is indeed wise, but apt to slight inferiors; hardly at the pains to answer, if they argue with him too foolishly. And so each *aliquis* concerning his *aliquo*,—through the whole pages of electioneering babble. ‘For,’ says Jocelin, ‘So many men, as 30 many minds.’ Our Monks ‘at time of blood-letting,

tempore minutionis,' holding their sanhedrim of babble, would talk in this manner; Brother Samson, I remarked, never said anything; sat silent, sometimes smiling; but he took good note of what others said, and would bring it up, on occasion, twenty years after. As for me Jocelin, I was of opinion that 'some skill in Dialectics, to distinguish true from false,' would be good in an Abbot. I spake, as a rash Novice in those days, some conscientious
10 words of a certain benefactor of mine; 'and behold, one of those sons of Belial' ran and reported them to him, so that he never after looked at me with the same face again! Poor Bozzy!—

Such is the buzz and frothy simmering ferment of the general mind and no-mind; struggling to 'make itself up,' as the phrase is, or ascertain what *it* does really want: no easy matter, in most cases. St. Edmundsbury, in that Candlemas season of the year 1182, is a busily fermenting place. The very
20 clothmakers sit meditative at their looms; asking, Who shall be Abbot? The *sochemanni* speak of it, driving their ox-teams afield; the old women with their spindles: and none yet knows what the days will bring forth.

The Prior, however, as our interim chief, must proceed to work; get ready 'Twelve Monks,' and set off with them to his Majesty at Waltham, there shall the election be made. An election, whether
30 managed directly by ballot-box on public hustings, or indirectly by force of public opinion, or were it

even by open alehouses, landlords' coercion, popular club-law, or whatever electoral methods, is always an interesting phenomenon. A mountain tumbling in great travail, throwing up dustclouds and absurd noises, is visibly there ; uncertain yet what mouse or monster it will give birth to.

Besides, it is a most important social act ; nay, at bottom, the one important social act. Given the men a People choose, the People itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic people 10 chooses heroes, and is happy ; a valet or flunky people chooses sham-heroes, what are called quacks, thinking them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his herohood and insight, or all his flunkyness and horn-eyed dimness, is this question put to him, What man dost thou honour ? Which is thy ideal of a man ; or nearest that ? So too of a People : for a People too, every People, *speaks* its choice,—were it only by silently obeying, and not 20 revolting,—in the course of a century or so. Nor are electoral methods, Reform Bills and suchlike, unimportant. A People's electoral methods are, in the long-run, the express image of its electoral *talent* ; tending and gravitating perpetually, irresistibly, to a conformity with that : and are, at all stages, very significant of the People. Judicious readers, of these times, are not disinclined to see how Monks elect their Abbot in the Twelfth Century : how the St. Edmundsbury mountain manages its mid- 30 wifery ; and what mouse or man the outcome is.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ELECTION

ACCORDINGLY our Prior assembles us in Chapter; and we adjuring him before God to do justly, nominates, not by our selection, yet with our assent, Twelve Monks, moderately satisfactory. Of whom are Hugo Third-Prior, Brother Dennis a venerable man, Walter the *Medicus*, Samson *Subsacrista*, and other esteemed characters,—though Willelmus *Sacrista*, of the red nose, too is one. These shall proceed straightway to Waltham; and there elect the
10 Abbot as they may and can. Monks are sworn to obedience; must not speak too loud, under penalty of foot-gyves, limbo, and bread-and-water: yet monks too would know what it is they are obeying. The St. Edmundsbury Community has no hustings, ballot-box, indeed no open voting: yet by various vague manipulations, pulse-feelings, we struggle to ascertain what its virtual aim is, and succeed better or worse.

This question, however, arises; alas, a quite pre-
20 liminary question: Will the *Dominus Rex* allow us to choose freely? It is to be hoped! Well, if so, we agree to choose one of our own Convent. If not, if

the *Dominus Rex* will force a stranger on us, we decide on demurring, the Prior and his Twelve shall demur: we can appeal, plead, remonstrate; appeal even to the Pope, but trust it will not be necessary. Then there is this other question, raised by Brother Samson: What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Brother Samson *Subsacrista*, one remarks, is ready oftenest with some question, some suggestion, that has wisdom in it. Though a servant of servants, and saying little, his words 10 all tell, having sense in them; it seems by his light mainly that we steer ourselves in this great dimness.

What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Speak, Samson, and advise.—Could not, hints Samson, Six of our venerablest elders be chosen by us, a kind of electoral committee, here and now: of these, ‘with their hand on the Gospels, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*,’ we take oath that they will do faithfully; let these, in secret and 20 as before God, agree on Three whom they reckon fittest; write their names in a Paper, and deliver the same sealed, forthwith, to the Thirteen: one of those Three the Thirteen shall fix on, if permitted. If not permitted, that is to say, if the *Dominus Rex* force us to demur,—the paper shall be brought back unopened, and publicly burned, that no man’s secret bring him into trouble.

So Samson advises, so we act; wisely, in this and in other crises of the business. Our electoral 30 committee, its eye on the *Sacrosancta*, is soon named,

soon sworn; and we, striking-up the Fifth Psalm,
' *Verba mea,*

' Give ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh,

march out chanting, and leave the Six to their work in the Chapter here. Their work, before long, they announce as finished: they, with their eye on the Sacrosancta, imprecating the Lord to weigh and witness their meditation, have fixed on Three Names,
10 and written them in this Sealed Paper. Let Samson Subsacrista, general servant of the party, take charge of it. On the morrow morning, our Prior and his Twelve will be ready to get under way.

This, then, is the ballot-box and electoral winnowing-machine they have at St. Edmundsbury: a mind fixed on the Thrice Holy, an appeal to God on high to witness their meditation: by far the best, and indeed the only good electoral winnowing-machine,—if men have souls in them. Totally
20 worthless, it is true, and even hideous and poisonous, if men have no souls. But without soul, alas, what winnowing-machine in human elections can be of avail? We cannot get along without soul; we stick fast, the mournfulest spectacle; and salt itself will not save us!

On the morrow morning, accordingly, our Thirteen set forth; or rather our Prior and Eleven; for Samson, as general servant of the party, has to
30 linger, settling many things. At length he too gets upon the road; and, 'carrying the sealed Paper in

a leather pouch hung round his neck; and *froccum bajulans in ulnis* (thanks to thee, Bozzy Jocelin), 'his frock-skirts looped over his elbow,' showing substantial stern-works, tramps stoutly along. Away across the Heath, not yet of Newmarket and horse-jockeying; across your Fleam-dike and Devil's-dike, no longer useful as a Mercian East-Anglian boundary or bulwark: continually towards Waltham, and the Bishop of Winchester's House there, for his Majesty is in that. Brother Samson, as purse-10 bearer, has the reckoning always, when there is one, to pay; 'delays are numerous,' progress none of the swiftest.

But, in the solitude of the Convent, Destiny thus big and in her birthtime, what gossiping, what babbling, what dreaming of dreams! The secret of the Three our electoral elders alone know: some Abbot we shall have to govern us; but which Abbot, oh, which! One Monk discerns in a vision of the night-watches, that we shall get an Abbot of 20 our own body, without needing to demur: a prophet appeared to him clad all in white, and said, "Ye shall have one of yours, and he will rage among you like a wolf, *sæviet ut lupus*." Verily!—then which of ours? Another Monk now dreams: he has seen clearly which; a certain Figure taller by head and shoulders than the other two, dressed in alb and *pallium*, and with the attitude of one about to fight;—which tall Figure a wise Editor would rather not name at this stage of the business! Enough that 30 the vision is true: that Saint Edmund himself, pale

and awful, seemed to rise from his Shrine, with naked feet, and say audibly, "He, *ille*, shall veil my feet"; which part of the vision also proves true. Such guessing, visioning, dim perscrutation of the momentous future: the very clothmakers, old women, all townsfolk speak of it, 'and more than once it is reported in St. Edmundsbury, This one is elected; and then, This one, and That other.' Who knows?

- 10 But now, sure enough, at Waltham 'on the second Sunday of Quadragesima,' which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22nd day of February, year 1182, Thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manorhouse; and, in some high Presence-chamber and Hall of State, get access to Henry II. in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night!
- 20 The Winchester Manorhouse has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off; sunk *so* far in the Night, *there they are*; peep through the blankets of the old Night, and thou wilt see! King Henry himself is visibly there; a vivid, noble-looking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume; with earls round him, and bishops, and dignitaries,
- 30 in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one

thing an altar near it,—a chapel and altar adjoining it; but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hangings, and huge fire of logs:—alas, it has Human Life in it; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume soever?—

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with their obeisance, and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honour and the Church's good, commands, 'by the Bishop 10 of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor,'—*Galfridus Cancellarius*, Henry's and the Fair Rosamond's authentic Son present here!—commands, "That they, the said Thirteen, do now withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery." A work soon done; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think *ye* of it, ye higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmus *Sacrista* with the red bottle-nose?—the names, in 20 this order: of Samson *Subsacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius-Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, 'flush suddenly red in the face'; but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior, who was of the electoral committee, came to nominate *himself* as one of the Three? A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of! —However, we return, and report to the King our 30 Three names; merely altering the order; putting

Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us: "Who are they? Were they born in my domain? Totally unknown to me! You must nominate three others." Whereupon Willelmus Sacrista says, "Our Prior must be named, *quia caput nostrum est*, being already our head." And the Prior responds, "Willelmus Sacrista is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,"—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee! Venerable Dennis
10 too is named; none in his conscience can say nay. There are now Six on our List. "Well," said the King, "they have done it swiftly, they! *Deus est cum eis*." The Monks withdraw again; and Majesty revolves for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or 'Law-wards' and Soul-Overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

In short while, they are next ordered, To add yet another three; but not from their own Convent;
20 from other Convents, "for the honour of my kingdom." Here,—what is to be done here? We will demur, if need be! We do name three, however, for the nonce: the Prior of St. Faith's, a good Monk of St. Neot's, a good Monk of St. Alban's; good men all; all made abbots and dignitaries since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may be farther? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three.
30 The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord

decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more; then yet one more: Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellerarius*, and venerable Monk Dennis;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two? It were hard to say,—by Monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo for speaking! We humbly re- 10 quest that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. “Which do you want?” asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech, ‘commending the persons of the Prior and Samson; but always in the corner of his discourse, *in angulo sui sermonis*, brought Samson in.’ “I see!” said the Bishop: “We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.” “Either of them is good,” said venerable 20 Dennis, almost trembling; “but we would have the better, if it pleased God.” “Which of the two *do* you want?” inquires the Bishop pointedly. “Samson!” answered Dennis; “Samson!” echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything: and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King’s Majesty, looking at us somewhat 30 sternly, then says: “You present to me Samson;

I do not know him : had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have accepted him : however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, *per veros oculos Dei*, if you manage badly, I will be upon you !” Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King’s feet ; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note, the Fifty-first Psalm, ‘*Miserere*
10 *mei Deus*,

‘After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon *me* ;’

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. “By God’s eyes,” said the King, “that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well.” By the same oath (charged to your Majesty’s account), I too am precisely of that opinion ! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to
20 him, and may the Lord *have* mercy on him as Abbot !

Thus, then, have the St. Edmundsbury Monks, without express ballot-box or other good winnowing-machine, contrived to accomplish the most important social feat a body of men can do, to winnow-out the man that is to govern them : and truly one sees not that, by any winnowing-machine whatever, they could have done it better. O ye kind Heavens, there is in every Nation and Community a *fittest*, a
30 wisest, bravest, best ; whom could we find and make

King over us, all were in very truth well;—the best that God and Nature had permitted *us* to make it! By what art discover him? Will the Heavens in their pity teach us no art; for our need of him is great!

CHAPTER IX.

ABBOT SAMSON

So, then, the bells of St. Edmundsbury clang out one and all, and in church and chapel the organs go: Convent and Town, and all the west side of Suffolk, are in gala; knights, viscounts, weavers, spinners, the entire population, male and female, young and old, the very sockmen with their chubby infants,—out to have a holiday, and see the Lord Abbot arrive! And there is ‘stripping barefoot’ of the Lord Abbot at the Gate, and solemn leading
10 of him in to the High Altar and Shrine; with sudden ‘silence of all the bells and organs,’ as we kneel in deep prayer there; and again with outburst of all the bells and organs, and loud *Te Deum* from the general human windpipe; and speeches by the leading viscount, and giving of the kiss of brotherhood; the whole wound-up with popular games, and dinner within doors of more than a thousand strong, *plus quam mille comedentibus in gaudio magno*.

20 In such manner is the selfsame Samson once again returning to us, welcomed on *this* occasion. He that went away with his frock-skirts looped

over his arm, comes back riding high; suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him,—this man to-day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manorhouses, farms, manors, and wide lands; a man with ‘Fifty Knights under him,’ and dependent, swiftly obedient multitudes of men. It is a change greater than Napoleon’s; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos daydrudges had, on awakening some morning, found that *he* overnight was become Duke! Let Samson with his clear-beaming eyes see into that, and discern it if he can. We shall now get the measure of him by a new scale of inches, considerably more rigorous than the former was. For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuler by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundredfold uglier, pitifuler. Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will show us them enlarged, as in the solar microscope, into frightful distortion. 10 20

Abbot Samson had found a Convent all in dilapidation; rain beating through it, material rain and metaphorical, from all quarters of the compass. Willelmus Sacrista sits drinking nightly, and doing mere *tacenda*. Our larders are reduced to leanness, 30

Jew harpies and unclean creatures our purveyors; in our basket is no bread. Old women with their distaffs rush out on a distressed Cellarer in shrill Chartism. 'You cannot stir abroad but Jews and Christians pounce upon you with unsettled bonds'; debts boundless seemingly as the National Debt of England. For four years our new Lord Abbot never went abroad but Jew creditors and Christian, and all manner of creditors, were about him; driving
10 him to very despair. Our Prior is remiss; our Cellarers, officials are remiss; our monks are remiss: what man is not remiss? Front this, Samson, thou alone art there to front it; it is thy task to front and fight this, and to die or kill it. May the Lord have mercy on thee!

To our antiquarian interest in poor Jocelin and his Convent, where the whole aspect of existence, the whole dialect, of thought, of speech, of activity, is so obsolete, strange, long-vanished, there now
20 superadds itself a mild glow of human interest for Abbot Samson; a real pleasure, as at sight of man's work, especially of governing, which is man's highest work, done *well*. Abbot Samson had no experience in governing; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing,—alas, only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. He had never in any court given *vadium* or *plegium*, says Jocelin; hardly ever seen a court, when he was set to preside in one. But it is astonishing, continues Jocelin, how
30 soon he learned the ways of business; and, in all sorts of affairs, became expert beyond others. Of

the many persons offering him their service, 'he retained one Knight skilled in taking *radia* and *plegia*'; and within the year was himself well skilled. Nay, by and by, the Pope appoints him Justiciary in certain causes; the King one of his new Circuit Judges: official Osbert is heard saying, "That Abbot is one of your shrewd ones, *disputator est*; if he go on as he begins, he will cut out every lawyer of us!"

Why not? What is to hinder this Samson from governing? There is in him what far transcends 10 all apprenticeships; in the man himself there exists a model of governing, something to govern by! There exists in him a heart-aborrence of whatever is incoherent, pusillanimous, unveracious,—that is to say, chaotic, *ungoverned*; of the Devil, not of God. A man of this kind cannot help governing! He has the living ideal of a governor in him; and the incessant necessity of struggling to unfold the same out of him. Not the Devil or Chaos, for any wages, will he serve; no, this man is the born servant of 20 Another than them. Alas, how little avail all apprenticeships, when there is in your governor himself what we may well call *nothing* to govern by: nothing;—a general gray twilight, looming with shapes of expedencies, parliamentary traditions, division-lists, election-funds, leading-articles; this, with what of vulpine alertness and adroitness soever, is not much!

But indeed what say we, apprenticeship? Had not this Samson served, in his way, a right good 30 apprenticeship to governing; namely, the harshest

slave-apprenticeship to obeying! Walk this world with no friend in it but God and St. Edmund, you will either fall into a ditch, or learn a good many things. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. How much would many a Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa*; and, at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper-paragraphs and city-illuminations,
10 but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread-and-water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many;—that is the meaning of true mastership. Had not the Monk-life extraordinary 'political capabilities' in it; if not imitable by us, yet enviable?

CHAPTER X.

GOVERNMENT

How Abbot Samson, giving his new subjects seriatim the kiss of fatherhood in the St. Edmundsbury chapterhouse, proceeded with cautious energy to set about reforming their disjointed distracted way of life ; how he managed with his Fifty rough *Milites* (Feudal Knights), with his lazy Farmers, remiss refractory Monks, with Pope's Legates, Viscounts, Bishops, Kings ; how on all sides he laid about him like a man, and putting consequence on premiss, and everywhere the saddle on the right horse, struggled 10 incessantly to educe organic method out of lazily fermenting wreck,—the careful reader will discern, not without true interest, in these pages of Jocelin Boswell. In most antiquarian quaint costume, not of garments alone, but of thought, word, action, outlook and position, the substantial figure of a man with eminent nose, bushy brows and clear-flashing eyes, his russet beard growing daily grayer, is visible, engaged in true governing of men. It is beautiful how the chrysalis governing-soul, shaking off its 20 dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged, a true royal soul ! Our new Abbot has a right honest

unconscious feeling, without insolence as without fear or flutter, of what he is and what others are. A courage to quell the proudest, an honest pity to encourage the humblest. Withal there is a noble reticence in this Lord Abbot: much vain unreason he hears; lays up without response. He is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others; he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness. Is he not their servant, as we said, who can
10 suffer from them, and for them; bear the burden their poor spindle-limbs totter and stagger under; and, in virtue of *being* their servant, govern them, lead them out of weakness into strength, out of defeat into victory!

One of the first Herculean Labours Abbot Samson undertook, or the very first, was to institute a strenuous review and radical reform of his economics. It is the first labour of every governing man, from *Paterfamilias* to *Dominus Rex*. To get the rain
20 thatched out from you is the preliminary of whatever farther, in the way of speculation or of action, you may mean to do. Old Abbot Hugo's budget, as we saw, had become empty, filled with deficit and wind. To see his account-books clear, be delivered from those ravening flights of Jew and Christian creditors, pouncing on him like obscene harpies wherever he showed face, was a necessity for Abbot Samson.

On the morrow after his instalment he brings in
30 a load of money-bonds, all duly stamped, sealed with this or the other Convent Seal: frightful,

unmanageable, a bottomless confusion of Convent finance. There they are;—but there at least they all are; all that shall be of them. Our Lord Abbot demands that all the official seals in use among us be now produced and delivered to him. Three-and-thirty seals turn up; are straightway broken, and shall seal no more: the Abbot only, and those duly authorised by him shall seal any bond. There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out. 10 With iron energy, in slow but steady undeviating perseverance, Abbot Samson sets to work in both directions. His troubles are manifold: cunning *milites*, unjust bailiffs, lazy sockmen, he an inexperienced Abbot; relaxed lazy monks, not disinclined to mutiny in mass: but continued vigilance, rigorous method, what we call ‘the eye of the master,’ work wonders. The clear-beaming eyesight of Abbot Samson, steadfast, severe, all-penetrating,—it is like *Fiat lux* in that inorganic waste whirlpool; pene- 20 trates gradually to all nooks, and of the chaos makes a *kosmos* or ordered world!

He arranges everywhere, struggles unweariedly to arrange, and place on some intelligible footing, the ‘affairs and dues, *res ac redditus*,’ of his dominion. The Lakenheath eels cease to breed squabbles between human beings; the penny of *reap-silver* to explode into the streets the Female Chartism of St. Edmundsbury. These and innumerable greater things. Wheresoever Disorder may stand or lie, let 30 it have a care; here is the man that has declared

war with it, that never will make peace with it. Man is the Missionary of Order; he is the servant not of the Devil and Chaos, but of God and the Universe! Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false-spoken, unjust, and otherwise diabolic persons have a care: this is a dangerous man for them. He has a mild grave face; a thoughtful sternness, a sorrowful pity: but there is a terrible flash of anger in him too; lazy monks often have to murmur,
10 ‘*Sœvit ut lupus*, He rages like a wolf; was not our Dream true!’ ‘To repress and hold-in such sudden anger he was continually careful,’ and succeeded well:—right, Samson; that it may become in thee as noble central heat, fruitful, strong, beneficent; not blaze out, or the seldomest possible blaze out, as wasteful volcanoism to scorch and consume!

‘We must first creep, and gradually learn to walk,’ had Abbot Samson said of himself, at starting.
20 In four years he has become a great walker; striding prosperously along; driving much before him. In less than four years, says Jocelin, the Convent Debts were all liquidated: the harpy Jews not only settled with, but banished, bag and baggage, out of the *Bannaleuca* (Liberties, *Banlieue*) of St. Edmundsbury,—so has the King’s Majesty been persuaded to permit. Farewell to *you*, at any rate; let us, in no extremity, apply again to you! Armed men march them over the borders, dismiss them under
30 stern penalties,—sentence of excommunication on

all that shall again harbour them here: there were many dry eyes at their departure.

New life enters everywhere, springs up beneficent, the Incubus of Debt once rolled away. Samson hastes not; but neither does he pause to rest. This of the Finance is a life-long business with him;—Jocelin's anecdotes are filled to weariness with it. As indeed to Jocelin it was of very primary interest.

But we have to record also, with a lively satisfaction, that spiritual rubbish is as little tolerated in Samson's Monastery as material. With due rigour, Willelmus Sacrista, and his bibations and *tacenda* are, at the earliest opportunity, softly yet irrevocably put an end to. The bibations, namely, had to end; even the building where they used to be carried on was razed from the soil of St. Edmundsbury, and 'on its place grow rows of beans': Willelmus himself, deposed from the Sacristy and all offices, retires into obscurity, into absolute taciturnity unbroken thenceforth to this hour. Whether the poor Willelmus did not still, by secret channels, occasionally get some slight wetting of vinous or alcoholic liquor,—now grown, in a manner, indispensable to the poor man? Jocelin hints not; one knows not how to hope, what to hope! But if he did, it was in silence and darkness; with an ever-present feeling that teetotalism was his only true course. Drunken dissolute Monks are a class of persons who had better keep out of Abbot Samson's way. *Sævit ut lupus*; was not the Dream true!

murmured many a Monk. Nay Ranulf de Glanvill, Justiciary in Chief, took umbrage at him, seeing these strict ways; and watched farther with suspicion: but discerned gradually that there was nothing wrong, that there was much the opposite of wrong.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ABBOT'S WAYS

ABBOT SAMSON showed no extraordinary favour to the Monks who had been his familiars of old; did not promote them to offices,—*nisi essent idonei*, unless they chanced to be fit men! Whence great discontent among certain of these, who had contributed to make him Abbot: reproaches, open and secret, of his being ‘ungrateful, hard-tempered, unsocial, a Norfolk *barrator* and *paltenerius*.’

Indeed, except it were for *idonei*, ‘fit men,’ in all kinds, it was hard to say for whom Abbot Samson 10 had much favour. He loved his kindred well, and tenderly enough acknowledged the poor part of them; with the rich part, who in old days had never acknowledged him, he totally refused to have any business. But even the former he did not promote into offices; finding none of them *idonei*. ‘Some whom he thought suitable he put into situations in his own household, or made keepers of his country places; if they behaved ill, he dismissed them without hope of return.’ In his promotions, nay almost in his benefits, you 20 would have said there was a certain impartiality. ‘The official person who had, by Abbot Hugo’s

order, put the fetters on him at his return from Italy, was now supported with food and clothes to the end of his days at Abbot Samson's expense.'

Yet he did not forget benefits; far the reverse, when an opportunity occurred of paying them at his own cost. He was right willing to remember friends when it could be done. Take these instances: 'A certain chaplain who had maintained him at the Schools of Paris by the sale of holy
10 water, *quæstu aquæ benedictæ*;—to this good chaplain he did give a vicarage, adequate to the comfortable sustenance of him.' 'The son of Elias too, that is, of old Abbot Hugo's Cupbearer, coming to do homage for his Father's land, our Lord Abbot said to him in full Court: "I have, for these seven years, put off taking thy homage for the land which Abbot Hugo gave thy Father, because that gift was to the damage of Elmswell, and a questionable one: but now I must profess myself overcome; mindful of the kind-
20 ness thy Father did me when I was in bonds; because he sent me a cup of the very wine his master had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God."'

'To Magister Walter, son of Magister William de Dice, who wanted the vicarage of Chevington, he answered: "Thy Father was Master of the Schools; and when I was an indigent *clericus*, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his School, and opportunity of learning; wherefore I now, for the
30 sake of God, grant to thee what thou askest."'

Or lastly, take this good instance,—and a glimpse, along

with it, into long-obsolete times: 'Two *Milites* of Risby, Willelm and Norman, being adjudged in Court to come under his mercy, *in misericordia ejus*,' for a certain very considerable fine of twenty shillings, 'he thus addressed them publicly on the spot: "When I was a Cloister-monk, I was once sent to Durham on business of our Church; and coming home again, the dark night caught me at Risby, and I had to beg a lodging there. I went to Dominus Norman's, and he gave me a flat refusal. 10 Going then to Dominus Willelm's, and begging hospitality, I was by him honourably received. The twenty shillings therefore of *mercy*, I, without mercy, will exact from Dominus Norman; to Dominus Willelm, on the other hand, I, with thanks, will wholly remit the said sum."'" Men know not always to whom they refuse lodgings; men have lodged Angels unawares!—

It is clear Abbot Samson had a talent; he had learned to judge better than Lawyers, to manage 20 better than bred Bailiffs:—a talent shining out indisputable, on whatever side you took him. 'An eloquent man he was,' says Jocelin, 'both in French and Latin; but intent more on the substance and method of what was to be said, than on the ornamental way of saying it. He could read English Manuscripts very elegantly, *elegantissime*: he was wont to preach to the people in the English tongue, though according to the dialect of Norfolk, where he had been brought up; wherefore indeed 30 he had caused a Pulpit to be erected in our Church

both for ornament of the same, and for the use of his audiences.' There preached he, according to the dialect of Norfolk; a man worth going to hear.

That he was a just clear-hearted man, this, as the basis of all true talent, is presupposed. How can a man, without clear vision in his heart first of all, have any clear vision in the head? It is impossible! Abbot Samson was one of the justest of judges; insisted on understanding the case to the
10 bottom, and then swiftly decided without feud or favour. For which reason, indeed, the Dominus Rex, searching for such men, as for hidden treasure and healing to his distressed realm, had made him one of the new Itinerant Judges,—such as continue to this day. 'My curse on that Abbot's court,' a suitor was heard imprecating, '*Maledicta sit curia istius Abbatis*, where neither gold nor silver can help me to confound my enemy!' And old friendships and all connexions forgotten, when you go to
20 seek an office from him! 'A kinless loon,' as the Scotch said of Cromwell's new judges,—intent on mere indifferent fair-play!

Eloquence in three languages is good; but it is not the best. To us, as already hinted, the Lord Abbot's eloquence is less admirable than his ineloquence, his great invaluable 'talent of silence'! " *Deus, Deus,*" said the Lord Abbot to me once, when he heard the Convent murmuring at some act of his, "I have much need to remember that Dream
30 they had of me, that I was to rage among them like a wolf. Above all earthly things I dread their driving

me to do it. How much do I hold in, and wink at; raging and shuddering in my own secret mind, and not outwardly at all!" He would boast to me at other times: "This and that I have seen, this and that I have heard; yet patiently stood it." He had this way, too, which I have never seen in any other man, that he affectionately loved many persons to whom he never or hardly ever showed a countenance of love. Once on my venturing to expostulate with him on the subject, he reminded me of 10 Solomon: "Many sons I have; it is not fit that I should smile on them." He would suffer faults, damage from his servants, and know what he suffered, and not speak of it; but I think the reason was, he waited a good time for speaking of it, and in a wise way amending it. He intimated, openly in chapter to us all, that he would have no eaves-dropping: "Let none," said he, "come to me secretly accusing another, unless he will publicly stand to the same; if he come otherwise, I will openly 20 proclaim the name of him. I wish, too, that every Monk of you have free access to me, to speak of your needs or grievances when you will."

The kinds of people Abbot Samson liked worst were these three: '*Mendaces, ebriosi, verbosi*, Liars, drunkards and wordy or windy persons';—not good kinds, any of them! He also much condemned 'persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, especially Monks of that disposition.' We remark, from the very first, his strict anxious order 30 to his servants to provide handsomely for hospitality,

to guard 'above all things that there be no shabbi-ness in the matter of meat and drink ; no look of mean parsimony, *in novitate medi*, at the beginning of my Abbotship'; and to the last he maintains a due opulence of table and equipment for others ; but he is himself in the highest degree indifferent to all such things.

'Sweet milk, honey and other naturally sweet kinds of food, were what he preferred to eat : but 10 he had this virtue,' says Jocelin, 'he never changed the dish (*ferculum*) you set before him, be what it might. Once when I, still a novice, happened to be waiting table in the refectory, it came into my head ' (rogue that I was !) 'to try if this were true ; and I thought I would place before him a *ferculum* that would have displeased any other person, the very platter being black and broken. But he, seeing it, was as one that saw it not : and now some little delay taking place, my heart smote me that I 20 had done this ; and so, snatching up the platter (*discus*), I changed both it and its contents for a better, and put down that instead ; which emendation he was angry at, and rebuked me for,'—the stoical monastic man ! 'For the first seven years he had commonly four sorts of dishes on his table ; afterwards only three, except it might be presents, or venison from his own parks, or fishes from his ponds. And if, at any time, he had guests living in his house at the request of some great 30 person, or of some friend, or had public messengers, or had harpers (*citharædos*), or any one of that sort,

he took the first opportunity of shifting to another of his Manor-houses, and so got rid of such superfluous individuals,'—very prudently, I think.

As to his parks, of these, in the general repair of buildings, general improvement and adornment of the St. Edmund Domains, 'he had laid out several and stocked them with animals, retaining a proper huntsman with hounds: and, if any guest of great quality were there, our Lord Abbot with his Monks would sit in some opening of the woods, and see 10 the dogs run; but he himself never meddled with hunting, that I saw.'

'In an opening of the woods';—for the country was still dark with wood in those days; and Scotland itself still rustled shaggy and leafy, like a damp black American Forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there. Dryasdust advances several absurd hypotheses as to the insensible but almost total disappearance of these woods; the thick wreck 20 of which now lies as *peat*, sometimes with huge heart-of-oak timber-logs imbedded in it, on many a height and hollow. The simplest reason doubtless is, that by increase of husbandry, there was increase of cattle; increase of hunger for green spring food; and so, more and more, the new seedlings got yearly eaten out in April; and the old trees, having only a certain length of life in them, died gradually, no man heeding it, and disappeared into *peat*.

A sorrowful waste of noble wood and *timberage*! 30 Yes,—but a very common one; the course of most

things in this world. Monachism itself, so rich and fruitful once, is now all rolled into *peat*; lies sleek and buried,—and a most feeble bog-grass of Dilet-tantism all the crop we reap from it! That also was frightful waste; perhaps among the saddest our England ever saw. Why will men destroy noble Forests, even when in part a nuisance, in such reck-less manner; turning loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the-Eighths into them! The fifth part of
10 our English soil, Dryasdust computes, lay consecrated to ‘spiritual uses,’ better or worse; solemnly set apart to foster spiritual growth and culture of the soul, by the methods then known: and now—it too, like the four-fifths, fosters what? Gentle shepherd, tell me what!

CHAPTER XII.

THE ABBOT'S TROUBLES

THE troubles of Abbot Samson, as he went along in this abstemious, reticent, rigorous way, were more than tongue can tell. The Abbot's mitre once set on his head, he knew rest no more. Double, double toil and trouble; that is the life of all governors that really govern: not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs. Abbot Samson found all men more or less head-strong, irrational, prone to disorder; continually threatening to prove *ungovernable*.

His lazy Monks gave him most trouble. 'My heart is tortured,' said he, 'till we get out of debt, *cor meum cruciatum est*.' Your heart, indeed;—but not altogether ours! By no devisable method, or none of three or four that he devised, could Abbot Samson get these Monks of his to keep their accounts straight; but always, do as he might, the Cellerarius at the end of the term is in a coil, in a flat deficit,—verging again towards debt and Jews. The Lord Abbot at last declares sternly he will keep our 20 accounts too himself; will appoint an officer of his own to see our Cellerarius keep them. Murmurs

thereupon among us: Was the like ever heard? Our Cellararius a cipher; the very Townsfolk know it: *subsannatio et derisio sumus*, we have become a laughingstock to mankind. The Norfolk barrator and paltener!

And consider, if the Abbot found such difficulty in the mere economic department, how much in more complex ones, in spiritual ones perhaps! He wears a stern calm face; raging and gnashing teeth, 10 *fremens* and *frendens*, many times, in the secret of his mind. Withal, however, there is a noble slow perseverance in him; a strength of 'subdued rage' calculated to subdue most things: always, in the long-run, he contrives to gain his point.

Murmurs from the Monks, meanwhile, cannot fail; ever deeper murmurs, new grudges accumulating. At one time, on slight cause, some drop making the cup run over, they burst into open mutiny: the Cellarer will not obey, prefers arrest 20 on bread-and-water to obeying; the Monks thereupon strike work; refuse to do the regular chanting of the day, at least the younger part of them with loud clamour and uproar refuse:—Abbot Samson has withdrawn to another residence, acting only by messengers: the awful report circulates through St. Edmundsbury that the Abbot is in danger of being murdered by the Monks with their knives! How wilt thou appease this, Abbot Samson! Return; for the Monastery seems near catching 30 fire!

Abbot Samson returns; sits in his *Talamus*, or

inner room, hurls out a bolt or two of excommunication: lo, one disobedient Monk sits in limbo, excommunicated, with foot-shackles on him, all day; and three more our Abbot has gyved 'with the lesser sentence, to strike fear into the others'! Let the others think with whom they have to do. The others think; and fear enters into them. . 'On the morrow morning we decide on humbling ourselves before the Abbot, by word and gesture, in order to mitigate his mind. And so accordingly 10 was done. He, on the other side, replying with much humility, yet always alleging his own justice and turning the blame on us, when he saw that we were conquered, became himself conquered. And bursting into tears, *perfusus lachrymis*, he swore that he had never grieved so much for anything in the world as for this, first on his own account, and then secondly and chiefly for the public scandal which had gone abroad, that St. Edmund's Monks were going to kill their Abbot. And when he had 20 narrated how he went away on purpose till his anger should cool, repeating this word of the philosopher, "I would have taken vengeance on thee, had not I been angry," he arose weeping, and embraced each and all of us with the kiss of peace. He wept; we all wept';—what a picture! Behave better, ye remiss Monks, and thank Heaven for such an Abbot; or know at least that ye must and shall obey him.

Worn down in this manner, with incessant toil 30

and tribulation, Abbot Samson had a sore time of it: his grizzled hair and beard grew daily grayer. Those Jews, in the first four years, had 'visibly emaciated him': Time, Jews, and the task of Governing, will make a man's beard very grey! 'In twelve years,' says Jocelin, 'our Lord Abbot had grown wholly white as snow, *totus efficitur albus sicut nix.*' White atop, like the granite mountains:—but his clear-beaming eyes still look out, in their stern
10 clearness, in their sorrow and pity; the heart within him remains unconquered.

Nay sometimes there are gleams of hilarity too; little snatches of encouragement granted even to a Governor. 'Once my Lord Abbot and I, coming down from London through the Forest, I inquired of an old woman whom we came up to, Whose wood this was, and of what manor; who the master, who the keeper?'—All this I knew very well beforehand, and my Lord Abbot too, Bozzy that I was!
20 But 'the old woman answered, The wood belonged to the new Abbot of St. Edmund's, was of the manor of Harlow, and the keeper of it was one Arnald. How did he behave to the people of the manor? I asked farther. She answered that he used to be a devil incarnate, *dæmon vivus*, an enemy of God, and flayer of the peasants' skins,'—skinning them like live eels, as the manner of some is: 'but that now he dreads the new Abbot, knowing him to be a wise and sharp man, and so treats the people
30 reasonably, *tractat homines pacifice.*' Whereat the Lord Abbot *factus est hilaris*,—could not but take a

triumphant laugh for himself; and determines to leave that Harlow manor yet unmeddled with, for a while.

A brave man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings; and, with swift force or slow watchful manœuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God's Creation; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or sur- 10 render in it! The Fifty feudal Knights, for example, were of unjust greedy temper, and cheated us, in the Installation-day, of ten knights'-fees;—but they know now whether that has profited them aught, and I Jocelin know. Our Lord Abbot for the moment had to endure it, and say nothing; but he watched his time.

Look also how my Lord of Clare, coming to claim his *undue* 'debt' in the Court of Witham, with barons and apparatus, gets a Roland for his Oliver! 20 Jocelin shall report: 'The Earl, crowded round (*constipatus*) with many barons and men-at-arms, Earl Alberic and others standing by him, said, "That his bailiffs had given him to understand they were wont annually to receive for his behoof, from the Hundred of Risebridge and the bailiffs thereof, a sum of five shillings, which sum was now unjustly held back"; and he alleged farther that his predecessors had been infeft, at the Conquest, in the lands of Alfric son of Wisgar, who was Lord of that 30 Hundred; as may be read in Domesday Book by all

persons.—The Abbot, reflecting for a moment, without stirring from his place, made answer: “A wonderful deficit, my Lord Earl, this that thou mentionest! King Edward gave to St. Edmund that entire Hundred, and confirmed the same with his Charter; nor is there any mention there of those five shillings. It will behove thee to say, for what service, or on what ground, thou exactest those five shillings.” Whereupon the Earl, consulting
10 with his followers, replied, That he had to carry the Banner of St. Edmund in war-time, and for this duty the five shillings were his. To which the Abbot: “Certainly, it seems inglorious, if so great a man, Earl of Clare no less, receive so small a gift for such a service. To the Abbot of St. Edmund’s it is no unbearable burden to give five shillings. But Roger Earl Bigot holds himself duly seised, and asserts that he by such seisin has the office of carrying St. Edmund’s Banner; and he did carry it
20 when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings were beaten at Fornham. Then again Thomas de Mendham says that the right is his. When you have made out with one another, that this right is thine, come then and claim the five shillings, and I will promptly pay them!” Whereupon the Earl said, He would speak with Earl Roger his relative; and so the matter *cepit dilationem*,’ and lies undecided to the end of the world. Abbot Samson answers by word or act, in this or the like pregnant manner,
30 having justice on his side, innumerable persons: Pope’s Legates, King’s Viscounts, Canterbury Arch-

bishops, Cellarers, *Sochemanni*;—and leaves many a solecism extinguished.

On the whole, however, it is and remains sore work. ‘One time, during my chaplaincy, I ventured to say to him: “*Domine*, I heard thee, this night after matins, wakeful, and sighing deeply, *valde suspirantem*, contrary to thy usual wont.” He answered: “No wonder. Thou, son Jocelin, sharest in my good things, in food and drink, in riding and suchlike; but thou little thinkest concerning the management of House and Family, the various and arduous businesses of the Pastoral Care, which harass me, and make my soul to sigh and be anxious.” Whereto I, lifting up my hands to Heaven: “From such anxiety, Omnipotent merciful Lord deliver me!”—I have heard the Abbot say, If he had been as he was before he became a Monk, and could have anywhere got five or six marks of income, some three-pound ten of yearly revenue, whereby to support himself in the 20 schools, he would never have been Monk nor Abbot. Another time he said with an oath, If he had known what a business it was to govern the Abbey, he would rather have been Almoner, how much rather Keeper of the Books, than Abbot and Lord. That latter office he said he had always longed for, beyond any other. *Quis talia crederet?*’ concludes Jocelin, ‘Who can believe such things?’

Three-pound ten, and a life of Literature, especially of quiet Literature, without copyright, or 30 world-celebrity of literary-gazettes,—yes, thou brave

Abbot Samson, for thyself it had been better, easier, perhaps also nobler! But then, for thy disobedient Monks, unjust Viscounts; for a Domain of St. Edmund overgrown with Solecisms, human and other, it had not been so well. Nay neither could *thy* Literature, never so quiet, have been easy. Literature, when noble, is not easy; but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole World of Darkness
10 that lies without one and within one;—rather a hard fight at times, even with the three-pound ten secure. Thou, there where thou art, wrestle and duel along, cheerfully to the end; and make no remarks!

CHAPTER XIII.

IN PARLIAMENT

OF Abbot Samson's public business we say little, though that also was great. He had to judge the people as Justice Errant, to decide in weighty arbitrations and public controversies; to equip his *militcs*, send them duly in war-time to the King;—strive every way that the Commonweal, in his quarter of it, take no damage.

Once, in the confused days of Lackland's usurpation, while Cœur-de-Lion was away, our brave Abbot took helmet himself, having first excom-10 municated all that should favour Lackland; and led his men in person to the siege of *Windleshora*, what we now call Windsor; where Lackland had entrenched himself, the centre of infinite confusions; some Reform Bill, then as now, being greatly needed. There did Abbot Samson 'fight the battle of reform,'—with other ammunition, one hopes, than 'tremendous cheering' and suchlike! For these things he was called 'the magnanimous Abbot.'

He also attended duly in his place in Parliament 20 *de arduis regni*; attended especially, as in *arduissimo*, when 'the news reached London that King Richard

was a captive in Germany.' Here 'while all the barons sat to consult,' and many of them looked blank enough, 'the Abbot started forth, *prosiliit coram omnibus*, in his place in Parliament, and said, That *he* was ready to go and seek his Lord the King, either clandestinely by subterfuge (*in tapinagio*), or by any other method; and search till he found him, and got certain notice of him; he for one! By which word,' says Jocelin, 'he acquired great praise
10 for himself,'—unfeigned commendation from the Able Editors of that age.

By which word;—and also by which *deed*: for the Abbot actually went 'with rich gifts to the King in Germany'; Usurper Lackland being first rooted out from Windsor, and the King's peace somewhat settled.

As to these 'rich gifts,' however, we have to note one thing: In all England, as appeared to the Collective Wisdom, there was not like to be treasure
20 enough for ransoming King Richard; in which extremity certain Lords of the Treasury, *Justiciarii ad Scaccarium*, suggested that St. Edmund's Shrine, covered with thick gold, was still untouched. Could not it, in this extremity, be peeled off, at least in part; under condition, of course, of its being replaced when times mended? The Abbot, starting plumb up, *se erigens*, answered: "Know ye for certain, that I will in nowise do this thing; nor is there any man who could force me to consent
30 thereto. But I will open the doors of the Church;

Let him that likes enter ; let him that dares come forward !” Emphatic words, which created a sensation round the woolsack. For the Justiciaries of the *Scaccarium* answered, ‘with oaths, each for himself : “ I won’t come forward, for my share ; nor will I, nor I ! The distant and absent who offended him, Saint Edmund has been known to punish fearfully ; much more will he those close by, who lay violent hands on his coat, and would strip it off ! ” These things being said, the Shrine was not meddled 10 with, nor any ransom levied for it.’

For Lords of the Treasury have in all times their impassable limits, be it by ‘force of public opinion’ or otherwise ; and in those days a heavenly Awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought and must, all earthly Business whatsoever.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY OF ESSEX

OF St. Edmund's fearful avengements have they not the remarkablest instance still before their eyes? He that will go to Reading Monastery may find there, now tonsured into a mournful penitent Monk, the once proud Henry Earl of Essex; and discern how St. Edmund punishes terribly, yet with mercy! This Narrative is too significant to be omitted as a document of the Time. Our Lord Abbot, once on a visit at Reading, heard the particulars from Henry's
10 own mouth; and thereupon charged one of his monks to write it down;—as accordingly the Monk has done, in ambitious rhetorical Latin; inserting the same, as episode, among Jocelin's garrulous leaves. Read it here; with ancient yet with modern eyes.

Henry Earl of Essex, standard-bearer of England, had high places and emoluments; had a haughty high soul, yet with various flaws, or rather with one many-branched flaw and crack, running through
20 the texture of it. For example, did he not treat

Gilbert de Cereville in the most shocking manner? He cast Gilbert into prison; and, with chains and slow torments, wore the life out of him there. Other cracks, and branches of that widespread flaw in the Standard-bearer's soul we could point out: but indeed the main stem and trunk of all is too visible in this, That he had no right reverence for the Heavenly in Man,—that far from showing due reverence to St. Edmund, he did not even show him common justice. While others in the Eastern Counties were 10 adorning and enlarging with rich gifts St. Edmund's resting-place, which had become a city of refuge for many things, this Earl of Essex flatly defrauded him, by violence or quirk of law, of five shillings yearly, and converted said sum to his own poor uses! Nay, in another case of litigation, the unjust Standard-bearer, for his own profit, asserting that the cause belonged not to St. Edmund's Court, but to *his* in Lailand Hundred, 'involved us in travellings and innumerable expenses, vexing the servants 20 of St. Edmund for a long tract of time.' In short, he is without reverence for the Heavenly, this Standard-bearer; reveres only the Earthly, Gold-coined; and has a most morbid lamentable flaw in the texture of him. It cannot come to good.

Accordingly, the same flaw, or St.-Vitus' *tic*, manifests itself ere long in another way. In the year 1157, he went with his Standard to attend King Henry, our blessed Sovereign (whom *we* saw 30 afterwards at Waltham), in his War with the

Welsh. A somewhat disastrous War; in which while King Henry and his force were struggling to retreat Parthian-like, endless clouds of exasperated Welshmen hemming them in, and now we had come to the 'difficult pass of Coleshill,' and as it were to the nick of destruction,—Henry Earl of Essex shrieks out on a sudden (blinded doubtless by his inner flaw, or 'evil genius' as some name it), That King Henry is killed, That all is lost,—and
10 flings down his Standard to shift for itself there! And, certainly enough, all *had* been lost, had all men been as he;—had not brave men, without such miserable jerking *tic-douloureux* in the souls of them, come dashing up, with blazing swords and looks, and asserted, That nothing was lost yet, that all must be regained yet. In this manner King Henry and his force got safely retreated, Parthian-like, from the pass of Coleshill and the Welsh War. But, once home again, Earl Robert de Montfort, a
20 kinsman of this Standard-bearer's, rises up in the King's Assembly to declare openly that such a man is unfit for bearing English Standards, being in fact either a special traitor, or something almost worse, a coward namely, or universal traitor. Wager of Battle in consequence; solemn Duel, by the King's appointment, 'in a certain island of the Thames-stream at Reading, *apud Radingas*, short way from the Abbey there.' King, Peers, and an immense multitude of people, on such scaffoldings and heights
30 as they can come at, are gathered round, to see what issue the business will take. The business takes

this bad issue, in our Monk's own words faithfully rendered :

‘And it came to pass, while Robert de Montfort thundered on him manfully (*viriliter intonâsset*) with hard and frequent strokes, and a valiant beginning promised the fruit of victory, Henry of Essex, rather giving way, glanced round on all sides ; and lo, at the rim of the horizon, on the confines of the River and land, he discerned the glorious King and Martyr Edmund, in shining armour, and as if hovering in the air ; looking towards him with severe countenance, nodding his head with a mien and motion of austere anger. At St. Edmund's hand there stood also another Knight, Gilbert de Cereville, whose armour was not so splendid, whose stature was less gigantic ; casting vengeful looks at him. This he seeing with his eyes, remembered that old crime brings new shame. And now wholly desperate, and changing reason into violence, he took the part of one blindly attacking, not skilfully defending. Who 20 while he struck fiercely was more fiercely struck ; and so, in short, fell down vanquished, and it was thought slain. As he lay there for dead, his kinsmen, Magnates of England, besought the King, that the Monks of Reading might have leave to bury him. However, he proved not to be dead, but got well again among them ; and now, with recovered health, assuming the Regular Habit, he strove to wipe out the stain of his former life, to cleanse the long week of his dis- 30 solute history by at least a purifying sabbath, and

cultivate the studies of Virtue into fruits of eternal Felicity.'

Thus, at any rate, by the heavenly Awe that overshadows earthly Business, does Samson, readily in those days, save St. Edmund's Shrine, and innumerable still more precious things.

CHAPTER XV

PRACTICAL-DEVOTIONAL

HERE indeed, by rule of antagonisms, may be the place to mention that, after King Richard's return, there was a liberty of tourneying given to the fighting-men of England: that a Tournament was proclaimed in the Abbot's domain, 'between Thetford and St. Edmundsbury,'—perhaps in the Euston region, on Fakenham Heights, midway between these two localities: that it was publicly prohibited by our Lord Abbot; and nevertheless was held in spite of him,—and by the parties, as would seem, con- 10 sidered 'a gentle and free passage of arms.'

Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four-and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the Gates to be closed; the whole party shut in. The morrow was the Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul; no out-gate on the morrow. Giving their promise not to 20 depart without permission, those four-and-twenty young bloods dieted all that day (*manducaverunt*)

with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. 'But after dinner,'—mark it, posterity!—'the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Talamus*, they all started up, and began carolling and singing (*carolare et cantare*); sending into the Town for wine; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*);—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of their afternoon's nap; doing all this in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole
10 day till evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order! Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town-Gates, and went off by violence! Was the like ever heard of? The roysterous young dogs; carolling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot's sleep,—after that sinful chivalry cockfight of theirs! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether cased in iron or in whalebone, begin
20 to caper and carol on the green Earth! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monks' menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries in St. Edmund's Churchyard and 'from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cutting and the effusion of blood,'—our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters,
30 with bell, book and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke. Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed

nearly naked, 'nothing on but their breeches, *omnino nudi præter femoralia*, and prostrate themselves at the Church-door.' Figure that!

In fact, by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay, sometimes in his adroit practice there ¹⁰ are swift turns almost of a surprising nature! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Riddell Bishop of Ely, a Prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request; could not, however, give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his Manorhouse of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop's men or monks, with a message ²⁰ from his Lordship, 'That he now begged permission to cut down the requisite trees in Elmswell Wood,'—so said the monk: *Elmswell*, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs, instead of *Elmset*, our true *nemus* and high-towering oak-wood, here on Melford Manor! *Elmswell*? The Lord Abbot, in surprise, inquires privily of Richard his Forester; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii* in *Elmset*, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. ³⁰ Abbot Samson thereupon answers the monk:

‘Elmswell? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes.’ The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely; but, on the morrow morning, ‘directly after mass,’ Abbot Samson too was busy! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl; is ordered back to say that Elmset was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at Elmset, he finds the Bishop’s trees, they ‘and a hundred more,’ all felled and piled, and the
10 stamp of St. Edmund’s Monastery burnt into them, —for roofing of the great tower we are building there! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for Glemsford edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot!

We said withal there was a terrible flash of anger in him: witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebe-lands at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass, our Lord Abbot orders
20 the Cellararius to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevi manu*, and lay up the wood in safe keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers: ‘I am obliged to thee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet! By God’s face, *per os Dei*, I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that
neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change
30 aught within the Liberties without consent of Abbot and Convent: and thou hast presumed on such a

thing? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills; for the Townsfolk will go to thy mill, and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to!’ —The very reverend the old Dean totters home again, in all haste; tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii*, to save at least the timber; and 10 Abbot Samson’s workmen, coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully-down poor old rural Deans, and blow their windmills away: but who is the man that dare abide King Richard’s anger; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers! Abbot Samson too; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St. Edmund, and a 20 principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months; who by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson’s ward; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with 30 deep humility, replies that she is already given.

New letters from Richard, of severer tenor; answered with new deep humiliaties, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer: 'The King can send if he will, and seize the ward: force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for
10 my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure.'

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not? Cœur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfulest. *Videat Altissimus*. I reverence Cœur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all
20 right things be *homo suus*; but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face of 'Satan with
outspread wings'; steadily into Hell-fire these seven-and-forty years;—and was not melted into terror even at that, such is the Lord's goodness to me? Cœur-de-Lion!

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, To be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the
30 Priest was right; and forgave him, and even loved him. 'King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot

Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good.' Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson! Richard too, I suppose, 'loved a man,' and knew one when he saw him.

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of wanting 10 worldly wisdom, due interest in worldly things. A skilful man; full of cunning insight, lively interests; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short-cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon. Nay rather it might seem, from Jocelin's Narrative, as if he had his eye all but exclusively directed on terrestrial matters, and was much too secular for a devout man. But this too, if we examine it, was right. For it is *in* the world that a man, devout or other, has his life to lead, his 20 work waiting to be done. The basis of Abbot Samson's, we shall discover, was truly religion, after all. Returning from his dusty pilgrimage, with such welcome as we saw, 'he sat down at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine.' Not a talking theory, that; no, a silent practice: Thou, St. Edmund, with what lies in thee, thou now must help me, or none will!

This also is a significant fact: the zealous interest our Abbot took in the Crusades. To all noble 30 Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise

so noble ? ‘ When Henry II., having taken the cross, came to St. Edmund’s, to pay his devotions before setting out, the Abbot secretly made for himself a cross of linen cloth : and, holding this in one hand and a threaded needle in the other, asked leave of the King to assume it.’ The King could not spare Samson out of England ;—the King himself indeed never went. But the Abbot’s eye was set on the Holy Sepulchre, as on the spot of this Earth where
10 the true cause of Heaven was deciding itself. ‘ At the retaking of Jerusalem by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair-shirt, and wore under-garments of hair-cloth ever after ; he abstained also from flesh and flesh-meats (*carne et carneis*) thenceforth to the end of his life.’ Like a dark cloud eclipsing the hopes of Christendom, those tidings cast their shadow over St. Edmundsbury too : Shall Samson Abbas take pleasure while Christ’s Tomb is in the hands of the Infidel ?
20 Samson, in pain of body, shall daily be reminded of it, daily be admonished to grieve for it.

The great antique heart : how like a child’s in its simplicity, like a man’s in its earnest solemnity and depth ! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the Earth ; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth’s business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight ; angels yet hover doing God’s messages among men : that rainbow was set
30 in the clouds by the hand of God ! Wonder, miracle encompass the man ; he lives in an element

of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head. Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!—The 'imaginative faculties?' 'Rude poetic ages?' The 'primeval poetic element?' Oh, for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is 10 dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity!—

And truly, as we said above, is not this comparative silence of Abbot Samson as to his religion precisely the healthiest sign of him and of it? 'The Unconscious is the alone Complete.' Abbot Samson all along a busy working man, as all men are bound to be, his religion, his worship was like his daily bread to him;—which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely ate 20 at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon! This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the Twelfth Century;—something like the *Is*m of all true men in all true centuries, I fancy! Alas, compared with any of the *Is*ms current in these poor days, what a thing!

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. EDMUND

ABBOT SAMSON built many useful, many pious edifices; human dwellings, churches, church-steeples, barns;—all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood. He built and endowed ‘the Hospital of Babwell’; built ‘fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury Schools.’ Many are the roofs once ‘thatched with reeds’ which he ‘caused to be covered with tiles’; or if they were churches, probably ‘with lead.’ For all ruinous incomplete
10 things, buildings or other, were an eye-sorrow to the man. We saw his ‘great tower of St. Edmund’s’; or at least the roof-timbers of it, lying cut and stamped in Elmset Wood. To change combustible decaying reed-thatch into tile or lead; and material, still more, moral wreck into rain-tight order, what a comfort to Samson!

One of the things he could not in any wise but rebuild was the great Altar, aloft on which stood
20 the Shrine itself; the great Altar, which had been damaged by fire, by the careless rubbish and careless candle of two somnolent Monks, one night,—the

Shrine escaping almost as if by miracle! Abbot Samson read his Monks a severe lecture: 'A Dream one of us had, that he saw St. Edmund naked and in lamentable plight. Know ye the interpretation of that Dream? St. Edmund proclaims himself naked, because ye defraud the naked Poor of your old clothes, and give with reluctance what ye are bound to give them of meat and drink: the idleness moreover and negligence of the Sacristan and his people is too evident from the late misfortune by 10 fire. Well might our Holy Martyr seem to lie cast out from his Shrine, and say with groans that he was stript of his garments, and wasted with hunger and thirst!'

This is Abbot Samson's interpretation of the Dream:—diametrically the reverse of that given by the Monks themselves, who scruple not to say privily, 'It is *we* that are the naked and famished limbs of the Martyr; we whom the Abbot curtails of all our privileges, setting his own official to 20 control our very Cellarer!' Abbot Samson adds, that this judgment by fire has fallen upon them for murmuring about their meat and drink.

Clearly enough, meanwhile, the Altar, whatever the burning of it mean or foreshadow, must needs be reëdified. Abbot Samson reëdifies it, all of polished marble; with the highest stretch of art and sumptuosity, reëmbellishes the Shrine for which it is to serve as pediment. Nay farther, as had ever been among his prayers, he enjoys, he sinner, 30 a glimpse of the glorious Martyr's very Body in the

process; having solemnly opened the *Loculus*, Chest or sacred Coffin, for that purpose. It is the culminating moment of Abbot Samson's life. Bozzy Jocelin himself rises into a kind of Psalmist solemnity on this occasion; the laziest monk 'weeps' warm tears, as *Te Deum* is sung.

Very strange;—how far vanished from us in these unworshipping ages of ours! The Patriot Hampden, best beatified man we have, had lain in
10 like manner some two centuries in his narrow home, when certain dignitaries of us, 'and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys,' raised him also up, under cloud of night, cut off his arm with penknives, pulled the scalp off his head,—and otherwise worshipped our Hero Saint in the most amazing manner! Let the modern eye look earnestly on that old midnight hour in St. Edmundsbury Church, shining yet on us, ruddy-bright, through the depths of seven hundred years; and consider mournfully what
20 our Hero-worship once was, and what it now is! We translate with all the fidelity we can:

'The Festival of St. Edmund now approaching, the marble blocks are polished, and all things are in readiness for lifting of the Shrine to its new place. A fast of three days was held by all the people, the cause and meaning thereof being publicly set forth to them. The Abbot announces to the Convent that all must prepare themselves for transferring of the Shrine, and appoints time and way for the work.
30 Coming therefore that night to matins, we found the great Shrine (*feretrum magnum*) raised upon

the Altar, but empty; covered all over with white doeskin leather, fixed to the wood with silver nails: but one pannel of the Shrine was left down below, and resting thereon, beside its old column of the Church, the Loculus with the Sacred Body yet lay where it was wont. Praises being sung, we all proceeded to commence our disciplines (*ad disciplinas suscipiendas*). These finished, the Abbot and certain with him are clothed in their albs; and, approaching reverently, set about uncovering the 10 Loculus. There was an outer cloth of linen, enwrapping the Loculus and all; this we found tied on the upper side with strings of its own: within this was a cloth of silk, and then another linen cloth, and then a third; and so at last the Loculus was uncovered, and seen resting on a little tray of wood, that the bottom of it might not be injured by the stone. Over the breast of the Martyr, there lay, fixed to the surface of the Loculus, a Golden Angel about the length of a human foot; holding 20 in one hand a golden sword, and in the other a banner: under this there was a hole in the lid of the Loculus, on which the ancient servants of the Martyr had been wont to lay their hands for touching the Sacred Body. And over the figure of the Angel was this verse inscribed:

Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma.

At the head and foot of the Loculus were iron rings whereby it could be lifted.

‘Lifting the Loculus and Body, therefore, they 30 carried it to the Altar; and I put-to my sinful

hand to help in carrying, though the Abbot had commanded that none should approach except called. And the Loculus was placed in the Shrine; and the pannel it had stood on was put in its place, and the Shrine for the present closed. We all thought that the Abbot would show the Loculus to the people; and bring out the Sacred Body again, at a certain period of the Festival. But in this we were woefully mistaken, as the sequel shows.

- 10 'For in the fourth holiday of the Festival, while the Convent were all singing *Completorium*, our Lord Abbot spoke privily with the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus; and order was taken that twelve of the Brethren should be appointed against midnight, who were strong for carrying the pannel-planks of the Shrine, and skilful in unfixing them, and putting them together again. The Abbot then said that it was among his prayers to look once upon the Body of his Patron; and that he wished
- 20 the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus to be with him. The Twelve appointed Brethren were these: The Abbot's two Chaplains, the two Keepers of the Shrine, the two Masters of the Vestry; and six more, namely, the Sacristan Hugo, Walter the Medicus, Augustin, William of Dice, Robert and Richard. I, alas, was not of the number.

'The Convent therefore being all asleep, these Twelve, clothed in their albs, with the Abbot, assembled at the Altar; and opening a pannel of

30 the Shrine, they took out the Loculus; laid it on a table, near where the Shrine used to be; and

made ready for unfastening the lid, which was joined and fixed to the Loculus with sixteen very long nails. Which when, with difficulty, they had done, all except the two forenamed associates are ordered to draw back. The Abbot and they two were alone privileged to look in. The Loculus was so filled with the Sacred Body that you could scarcely put a needle between the head and the wood, or between the feet and the wood: the head lay united to the body, a little raised with a small pillow. But the 10 Abbot, looking close, found now a silk cloth veiling the whole Body, and then a linen cloth of wondrous whiteness; and upon the head was spread a small linen cloth, and then another small and most fine silk cloth, as if it were the veil of a nun. These coverings being lifted off, they found now the Sacred Body all wrapt in linen; and so at length the lineaments of the same appeared. But here the Abbot stopped; saying he durst not proceed farther, or look at the sacred flesh naked. Taking the head 20 between his hands, he thus spake, groaning: "Glorious Martyr, holy Edmund, blessed be the hour when thou wert born. Glorious Martyr, turn it not to my perdition that I have so dared to touch thee, I miserable and sinful; thou knowest my devout love, and the intention of my mind." And proceeding, he touched the eyes; and the nose, which was very massive and prominent (*valde grossum et valde eminentem*): and then he touched the breast and arms; and raising the left arm he touched the fingers, and 30 placed his own fingers between the sacred fingers.

And proceeding he found the feet standing stiff up, like the feet of a man dead yesterday; and he touched the toes and counted them (*tangendo numeravit*).

‘And now it was agreed that the other Brethren should be called forward to see the miracles; and accordingly those ten now advanced, and along with them six others who had stolen in without the Abbot’s assent, namely, Walter of St. Alban’s, Hugh the Infirmirarius, Gilbert brother of the Prior,
10 Richard of Henham, Jocellus our Cellarer, and Turstan the Little; and all these saw the Sacred Body, but Turstan alone of them put forth his hand, and touched the Saint’s knees and feet. And that there might be abundance of witnesses, one of our Brethren, John of Dice, sitting on the roof of the Church, with the servants of the Vestry, and looking through, clearly saw all these things.’

What a scene; shining luminous effulgent, as the lamps of St. Edmund do, through the dark Night;
20 John of Dice, with vestrymen, clambering on the roof to look through; the Convent all asleep, and the Earth all asleep,—and since then, Seven Centuries of Time mostly gone to sleep! Yes, there, sure enough, is the martyred Body of Edmund, landlord of the Eastern Counties, who, nobly doing what he liked with his own, was slain three hundred years ago: and a noble awe surrounds the memory of him, symbol and promoter of many other right noble things.

30 But have not we now advanced to strange new

stages of Hero-worship, now in the little Church of Hampden, with our penknives out, and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys? The manner of men's Hero-worship, verily it is the innermost fact of their existence, and determines all the rest,—at public hustings, in private drawing-rooms, in church, in market, and wherever else. Have true reverence, and what indeed is inseparable therefrom, reverence the right man, all is well; have sham-reverence, and what also follows, greet with it the wrong man, 10 then all is ill, and there is nothing well. Alas, if Hero-worship become Dilettantism, and all except Mammonism be a vain grimace, how much, in this most earnest Earth, has gone and is evermore going to fatal destruction, and lies wasting in quiet lazy ruin, no man regarding it! Till at length no heavenly *Ism* any longer coming down upon us, *Isms* from the other quarter have to mount up. For the Earth, I say, is an earnest place; Life is no grimace, but a most serious fact. And so, 20 under universal Dilettantism much having been stript bare, not the souls of men only, but their very bodies and bread-cupboards having been stript bare, and life now no longer possible,—all is reduced to desperation, to the iron law of Necessity and very Fact again; and to temper Dilettantism, and astonish it, and burn it up with infernal fire, arises Chartism, *Bare-back-ism*, Sansculottism so-called! May the gods, and what of unworshipped heroes still remain among us, avert the omen!—

But however this may be, St. Edmund's Loculus, we find, has the veils of silk and linen reverently replaced, the lid fastened down again with its sixteen ancient nails ; is wrapt in a new costly covering of silk, the gift of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury: and through the sky-window John of Dice sees it lifted to its place in the Shrine, the pannels of this latter duly refixed, fit parchment documents being introduced withal ;—and now John and his vestry-
10 men can slide down from the roof, for all is over, and the Convent wholly awakens to matins. 'When we assembled to sing matins,' says Jocelin, 'and understood what had been done, grief took hold of all that had not seen these things, each saying to himself, "Alas, I was deceived." Matins over, the Abbot called the Convent to the great Altar ; and briefly recounting the matter, alleged that it had not been in his power, nor was it permissible or fit, to invite us all to the sight of such things. At
20 hearing of which, we all wept, and with tears sang *Te Deum laudamus* ; and hastened to toll the bells in the Choir.'

Stupid blockheads, to reverence their St. Edmund's dead Body in this manner ? Yes, brother ;—and yet, on the whole, who knows how to reverence the Body of a Man ? It is the most reverend phenomenon under this Sun. For the Highest God dwells visible in that mystic unfathomable Visibility, which calls itself "I" on the Earth. 'Bending before men,'
30 says Novalis, 'is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our

hand on a human Body.' And the Body of one Dead;—a temple where the Hero-soul once was and now is not: Oh, all mystery, all pity, all mute *awe* and wonder; *Supernaturalism* brought home to the very dullest; Eternity laid open, and the nether Darkness and the upper Light-Kingdoms, do conjoin there, or exist nowhere!

Abbot Samson, at this culminating point of his existence, may, and indeed must, be left to vanish with his Life-scenery from the eyes of modern men. 10 He had to run into France, to settle with King Richard for the military service there of his St. Edmundsbury Knights; and with great labour got it done. He had to decide on the dilapidated Coventry Monks; and with great labour, and much pleading and journeying, got them reinstated; dined with them all, and with the 'Masters of the Schools of Oxneford,'—the veritable Oxford *Caput* sitting there at dinner, in a dim but undeniable manner, in the City of Peeping Tom! He had, not without 20 labour, to controvert the intrusive Bishop of Ely, the intrusive Abbot of Cluny. Magnanimous Samson, his life is but a labour and a journey: a bustling and a justling, till the still Night come. He is sent for again, over sea, to advise King Richard touching certain Peers of England, who had taken the Cross, but never followed it to Palestine; whom the Pope is inquiring after. The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and——And Jocelin's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn- 30 through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are

no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable: the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric-machinery, suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time-Curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real-phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-
10 de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's Vision; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black Ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and dilettanti pasturing in their places.

CHAPTER XVII.

WORK

NOT without a mournful interest have we surveyed that authentic image of a Time now wholly swallowed. Mournful reflections crowd on us;—and yet consolatory. How many brave men have lived before Agamemnon! Here is a brave governor Samson, a man fearing God, and fearing nothing else; of whom as First Lord of the Treasury, as King, Chief Editor, High Priest, we could be so glad and proud; of whom nevertheless Fame has altogether forgotten to make mention! The faint image of him, revived 10 in this hour, is found in the gossip of one poor Monk, and in Nature nowhere else. Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him altogether, even to the echo of his ever having existed. What regiments and hosts and generations of such has Oblivion already swallowed! Their crumbled dust makes up the soil our life-fruit grows on. Said I not, as my old Norse Fathers taught me, The Life-tree Igdrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots down deep in the 20 oldest Death-Kingdoms; and grows; the Three Nornas, or *Times*, Past, Present, Future, watering it from the Sacred Well!

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us; they,—honour to them; they, in *spite* of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were
10 Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them: All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a
20 true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with; and yet Wren built St. Paul's: not an articulated syllable; and yet there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic-School, Cockney-School, and other Literatures;—once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble; waiting terribly to be 'well-edited' and 'well-burnt'! Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even a
30 distaff; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at twopence an ell.

Work? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called 'Fame' into total silence for a wise man? For fools and unreflective persons, she is and will be very noisy, this 'Fame,' and talks of her 'immortals' and so forth: but if you will consider it, what is she? 10 Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody *said* anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honourable Sir Jabez Windbag can be made something by Parliamentary Majorities and Leading Articles? Her 'immortals'! Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakspeare or so; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him;—and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, 20 and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences, all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of Man needed there; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other 30 such? She begins to be uncertain as to what they

were, whether spirits or men of mould,—gods, charlatans; begins sometimes to have a misgiving that they were mere symbols, ideas of the mind; perhaps nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming, foolishest, unmusicaled of fowls that fly; and needs no ‘trumpet,’ I think, but her own enormous goose-throat,—measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her ‘wings,’ in these days, 10 have grown far swifter than ever; but her goose-throat hitherto seems only larger, louder and foolisher than ever. *She* is transitory, futile, a goose-goddess:—if she were not transitory, what would become of us! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all; all, even to the very Wodans; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too; feels *it* no hardship, but a comfort; 20 counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often made his strong heart sigh. Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose-voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidance for any Son of Adam? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the ‘small still voices’ will speak to him better; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumour is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine WORK alone, what thou 30 workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-BUILDER himself. Stand thou

by that; and let 'Fame' and the rest of it go prating.

'Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages :
"Choose well ; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness :
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not."

10

Goethe.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 5. **Boswellean** : the adjective connotes the intimate details which Boswell told both about Dr. Johnson and himself. Carlyle's Essay on Boswell is one of his best.

l. 10. **Monk-Latin** is more dead than classical Roman Latin, because it contains no great literature, and consequently is not taught in schools.

l. 11. **ninefold Stygian Marshes**. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 439. The Styx was one of the four rivers of Hades, *Lethe* being another; a draught of the waters of Lethe (λήθη) caused forgetfulness—hence the souls of the dead drank of them on their entrance to the lower world.

l. 13. **Elysian Fields** : the home of the happy dead—the ancient equivalent of our heaven. Carlyle's metaphor rather breaks down, for Elysium also lay across the Styx and Lethe.

P. 2, l. 8. **Universal Review** : it is doubtful whether any particular magazine is meant. There was a London monthly called *The Universal Review*, or, *Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations* (the 'Oxford Review' of *Lavengro*) which ran from 1824 to 1825.

l. 16. **Brakelond** : there are still two streets of this name (now spelt Brackland) in Bury St. Edmund's.

l. 20. **obedientia** : see Introduction.

P. 3, l. 6. **Simial** : 'ape-like.' **ovine** : 'sheep-like.'

l. 15. **Flaccus** : *i.e.* Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus).

l. 16. **Homilies** : 'sermons.'

l. 17. **Breviaries** : the Roman Catholic Manual of Services for each day, to be recited by priests.

l. 28. **potens sermone et opere** : 'powerful in word and deed.'

P. 4, l. 4. **Liber Albus** : 'the original MS. of the Chronicle occupies 43 folios of a thick quarto volume on vellum, once in the library of Bury Abbey, afterwards in the hands of the family of Bacon of Redgrave, then belonging to Bishop Stillingfleet of Worcester, and now preserved in the British Museum amongst the Harleian MSS. The contents of this *Liber Albus* (Harl. MS. 1005) are very varied.' Clarke, p. xvii.

1. 11. **Putney Cromwell**: i.e. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (? 1485-1540), who carried out the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. He was the 'son of W. Cromwell, also called W. Smyth, who seems to have been known to his contemporaries, not only as a blacksmith, but also as a fuller and shearer of cloth at Putney, where he, besides, kept a hostelry and brewhouse.' (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

1. 13. **Harleian Collection**: a great collection of historical and other MSS. made by Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford (1661-1725), and purchased by the Government in 1754; now in the British Museum.

1. 22. **hair-cilices**: from Lat. *cilicium*, 'cloth made from the hair of goats (or horses).'

1. 28. **Speculum**: 'mirror.'

P. 5, l. 3. **Camera lucida**: (lit. 'light chamber'), an apparatus which projects on paper the image of a distant object, for the purpose of tracing. Cf. *camera obscura*.

1. 8. **Richard Arkwright**: a Lancashire engineer, who invented the spinning frame (1732-92); his inventions were at first most unpopular. By his 'Gospel' Carlyle means the new Industrialism brought about by machinery.

1. 10. **Mastodon**: 'large extinct mammal like elephant, with nipple-shaped tubercles on crowns of molar teeth.' (*Oxf. Dict.*)

1. 11. **Megatherion**: 'extinct genus of huge herbivorous sloth-like animals.' (*ib.*)

Ichthyosaurus: 'extinct marine animal with huge head, tapering body, four paddles and long tail.' (*ib.*)

P. 6, l. 24. **Rymer's Foedera**: a great collection in 20 vols. of the treaties, conventions, public acts, etc., from the 11th century onwards, made by Thomas Rymer (1641-1713).

1. 27. **Peel's Tariff**: the policy of Sir Robert Peel's first budget (1842) was to lighten the burden of indirect taxation—a policy which paved the way to Free Trade.

P. 7, l. 17. **cramoisy**: 'crimson.'

1. 24. **Subacidity**: the prefix *sub-* signifies 'slight' (as in Lat. *subacidus*).

P. 8, l. 30. **The Minerva Press**, in Leadenhall Street, London, was noted for its trashy literature in the 18th and early part of the 19th centuries. (*Brewer's Reader's Handbook.*)

P. 10, l. 16. **the ancient massive Gateway**: the Norman Tower (see Introduction).

1. 18. **that other ancient Gateway**: the Abbey Gate, as illustrated. Gillingwater wrote in 1803, 'It is much to be wished, that proper care may be taken to prevent this precious

relic of antiquity from crumbling into dust, which it must inevitably do before many ages have expired, if proper means are not used to keep it in repair.' It has been restored since Carlyle wrote.

P. 11, l. 2. **Dugdale**: i.e. the *Monasticon Anglicanum* of Sir William Dugdale (1605-1686).

l. 12. **carucates**: 'a measure of land, varying with the nature of the soil, etc., being as much as could be tilled with one plough (with its team of eight oxen) in a year.' (*Oxf. Dict.*)

l. 28. **Titans**: in the ancient mythology the children of Ouranus and Gaia (Heaven and Earth), who, being defeated in their struggle with Zeus and the Olympian gods, were cast down into Tartarus.

P. 12, l. 8. **Golgotha**: the scene of the crucifixion.

l. 16. **Missals**: 'mass-books.'

l. 24. **as Ben Jonson reminds us**: Carlyle probably refers to the words of Ezechiel Edgworth, the cutpurse, about Bartholomew Cokes: 'Talk of him to have a soul!' heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently? (*Bartholomew Fair*, IV. i). Cf. *The Devil is an Ass*, I. iii.:

'That you are the wife
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt, to keep it sweet: I think,
Will ask no witnesses to prove.'

(*Notes and Queries*, 11 S. x. 255).

P. 13, l. 28. **Dramaturgist**: 'dramatist.'

P. 14, l. 24. **Chartulary**=cartulary, 'collection of records.'

l. 25. **Dryasdust**: the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust was a fictitious antiquary, to whom Scott dedicated several of the Waverley Novels; hence any dull though laborious historian.

P. 16, l. 6. **Fornham St. Genevieve**: four miles north of Bury. Here were defeated, in Nov. 1173, the rebels against Henry II., led by the Earl of Leicester.

l. 22. **posse comitatus**: 'body of men above the age of 15 in a county, whom the sheriff may summon to repress riot, etc.' (*Oxf. Dict.*)

P. 18, l. 29. **femoralia**: 'breeches.'

P. 19, l. 22. **Mammon**: 'wealth regarded as an idol.' (*Oxf. Dict.*) Cf. Matt. vi. 24, Luke xvi. 9-13.

l. 26. **Physical-Force Ultra-Chartists**: there were two main divisions of Chartists, those who sought to employ physical force, and those who relied on moral force.

l. 28. 'five points,' i.e. of the People's Charter (about 1840): these were: (1) Manhood Suffrage, (2) Annual Parliaments, (3) Vote by Ballot, (4) Payment of M.P.'s, (5) Equal Electoral Districts. To these a sixth was added—the Abolition of the Property Qualification for M.P.'s. Most of these points have been conceded.

P. 21, l. 16. *Schnüspel*: the name appears to be Carlyle's invention.

P. 22, l. 19. *Advocatus-Diaboli*: the Devil's Advocate, who spoke all possible evil of a candidate for canonization; he was opposed by the *Advocatus Dei*.

P. 23, l. 1. *loculus*, i.e. coffin, shrine. Cf. pp. 106 *sq.*

l. 21. *katalla*: Du Cange explains *catallum* as 'bova omnia quae in pecudibus sunt'—i.e. cattle (from Lat. *capitale*).

l. 27. *Beodric's-Worth*: the ancient name of St. Edmundsbury. It means the 'town of Beodric,' who was perhaps a member of the East Anglian royal family.

P. 24, l. 12. *pyramid*: Carlyle seeks to connect the word with the Greek *πῦρ* (=fire); but it is (according to Skeat) probably of Egyptian origin.

l. 15. *Cheops Pyramids* or *Sakhara clay ones*: for both see chap. xix. of Kinglake's *Eothen*.

P. 26, l. 5. *Camera*: 'treasury' (or perhaps 'buttery').

l. 6. *Sacristan*: see Introduction.

l. 14. *Cellerarius*: see *id.*

P. 27, l. 24. *Eadmer* (or *Edmer*), an English monk of Canterbury (d. c. 1124), an intimate friend of Anselm, whose life he wrote. Author also of *Historia Norworum*, *Life of Dunstan*, etc.

P. 29, l. 1. *Pharaoh's lean kine*: see *Genesis*, chap. 41.

l. 5. *Almoner*: 'distributor of alms.'

l. 18. *Teacher of the Novices*: see Introduction.

l. 20. *Fili mi*: 'my son.'

l. 22. *Acre*: probably Castle Acre, where there was a Cluniac Priory (founded 1088—see *Vict. Hist. Norfolk*, II. 356).

P. 30, l. 9. *coil*: disturbance, noise. So 'this mortal coil' means 'the turmoil of life.'

P. 31, l. 20. *matins*, *nones*, *vespers*: offices of the church, said at midnight, 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. respectively (though these hours varied according to the season). See Gasquet, ch. 6 and 7.

P. 32, l. 9. *Friar Bacon's Brass Head*: the story goes that Roger Bacon made a brazen head, which spoke thrice; saying first 'Time is,' then 'Time was'; lastly 'Time's past'—when

it fell and was broken. Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, I. 217, and Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

1. 12. **We are such stuff**: *Tempest* IV. i. 156.

1. 30. **Watch and ward**: technically watch was by night, ward by day.

P. 33, l. 17. **wad**: the Scotch form (cf. wadset) is cognate with the Lat. *vadium* (and *vas*), but is not derived from either.

P. 35, l. 5. **aver-pennies**: perhaps means money paid in lieu of 'average' or *avragium*; this latter is apparently the same as 'avera' in Domesday Book, *i.e.* one day's work which the king's tenants gave to the sheriff. Origin uncertain. (*Oxf. Dict.*)

foder-corns: 'a supply of fodder for the horses of a feudal lord, or an equivalent in money; also the right of exacting this.' (*ib.*)

P. 37, l. 4. **tacenda**: 'unmentionable things.'

1. 7. **tempora minutionis**: these seasons were usually February, April, September, October. See a very interesting account of the process in Gasquet, pp. 88 *sqq.*

1. 10. **Sanhedrim**: originally 'the highest court of justice and supreme council in ancient Jerusalem, consisting of 71 members' (*Oxf. Dict.*); then applied to any gathering such as this.

1. 15. **clanculo**: 'secretly.'

1. 22. **Lanfranc** was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1070 to 1089.

1. 30. **Barrator**: 'a malicious litigant.'

P. 39, l. 15. **Dr. Caius**: the French physician in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Dogberry, however, was the 'fellow that hath had losses' (*Much Ado*, IV. ii. 90).

1. 23. **the Antipopes**: the word signifies 'a pope elected by a heterodox council.' At the death of Hadrian IV., 1159, there were two claimants of the papacy: Cardinal Roland (called Alexander III.), and Cardinal Octavian (Victor IV.). Frederick Barbarossa supported Octavian, but finally was forced to pay homage to Alexander.

P. 40, l. 22. **gaveloc**: 'a dart, javelin.'

1. 25. **Ride, ride Rome; turne Cantwereberei**: according to T. Arnold this means 'I am riding towards Rome, turning from Canterbury,' for 'if he had meant to say "returning from Canterbury," he would at once have been taken for an English adherent of Alexander.'

P. 42, l. 12. **Subsacristan**: see Introduction.

P. 44, l. 3. **interlunar**: 'belonging to the time when the moon, about to change, is invisible.'

1. 14. **Virgil's Horn-Gate of Dreams** : see *Aen.* vi. 894. There were two gates—that of horn, through which came true dreams, and that of ivory, through which came false ones.

1. 20. **probabilis persona** : 'a likely person.'

P. 45, l. 1. **Abbot Ordning** : the eighth Abbot of Bury, from 1146 till his death on Jan. 31, 1156.

1. 12. **homo literatus** : 'a well-educated man.'

P. 46, l. 7. **Dialectics** : 'logical discussion.'

1. 18. **Candlemas** : 2nd February. The feast of the purification of the Virgin.

1. 21. **Sochemanni** : 'sockmen' i.e. tenants by 'socage,' which was a tenure by payment of rent or service (as opposed both to knight-service and villeinage).

1. 28. **Waltham** : i.e. Bishop's Waltham (Hants).

P. 47, l. 3. **A mountain tumbling**, etc. : an allusion to Horace, *Ars Poet.* 139 (parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus).

P. 48, l. 1. **Chapter** : the daily meeting of the whole convent, held about 9 a.m. (See full account in Gasquet, pp. 121 *seqq.*)

1. 12. **limbo** : 'prison.' (Originally the border of hell, inhabited by the souls of those who, though they failed to reach heaven, did not merit damnation.)

P. 49, l. 19. **Sacrosancta** : 'inviolable elements'; an oath sworn by these could not be broken.

P. 50, l. 8. **imprecating** : 'invoking.'

P. 51, l. 6. **Fleam-dike and Devil's-dike** : two parallel dykes that run from N.W. to S.E. between Cambridge and Newmarket. By 'Mercian East-Anglian boundary' is meant 'a boundary between the Mercians and the East-Anglians.' **Dike** is etymologically the same as 'ditch,' but is used for the rampart as well as for the ditch that runs beside it.

1. 28. **pallium** : 'pall,' a vestment now worn only by the Pope and a few of the highest clergy.

P. 52, l. 4. **perscrutation** : 'investigation.'

1. 22. **wreck** : 'the least fragment.'

P. 53, l. 3. **arras-hanging** : 'tapestry' (from Arras, in Artois, where the stuff was made).

1. 10. **the Bishop of Winchester** : Richard Toelive, who held the see from 1173 to 1188.

1. 11. **Geoffrey the Chancellor** : the reputed son of Henry II. by Rosamund Clifford ('Rosamund the Fair'). Bishop of Lincoln, 1173; Chancellor, 1182; Archbishop of York, 1189. His later life was a constant series of quarrels with the kings. (d. 1212).

P. 54, l. 14. **Pares and Episcopi**: 'Peers and Bishops.'

P. 58, l. 6. **sockmen**: see note to p. 46, l. 21.

l. 18. **plus quam mille**, etc.: 'more than a thousand feasting together in great joy.'

P. 59, l. 12. **Chandos**: the title of the Brydges family; the dukedom is now extinct.

l. 31. **tacenda**: see note to p. 37, l. 4.

P. 60, l. 1. **harpies**: 'rapacious thieves,' from the mythical monsters, half-woman and half-bird, who carried off the food from before the faces of men. (See Virg. *Aen.* iii. 212 *sqq.*)

l. 27. **vadium or plegium**: bail or surety that he would appear in Court when required.

P. 61, l. 4. **the Pope appoints him Justiciary**: in Nov. 1182 (about seven months after his election) Samson was appointed a judge in the ecclesiastical courts, by Pope Lucius III.

l. 6. **official Osbert**: Osbert Fitz-Herbert (or Hervey), the under-sheriff.

l. 7. **disputator**: 'wrangler.'

P. 62, l. 7. **sine omni expensa**: 'without any paying out of money.'

P. 63, l. 1. **Seriatim**: 'one by one, in regular order.'

l. 9. **Consequence**: the conclusion reached by a logical syllogism from the two *premises*, or original data.

l. 21. **Slough**: properly 'the cast skin of a snake.'

P. 64, l. 16. **Herculean Labours**: Hercules was told by the Delphic oracle that he would become immortal if he served Eurystheus, king of Argos, for twelve years. Eurystheus imposed on him the famous twelve labours, all tasks of the utmost difficulty.

P. 65, l. 20. **Fiat lux**: 'let there be light.'

l. 27. **reap-silver**: 'the sum paid by a tenant to a superior in commutation of his services in harvest-time.' (*Oxf. Dict.*)

P. 67, l. 4. **Incubus**: 'nightmare.'

P. 68, l. 1. **Ranulf de Glanvill**, as Chief Justiciar of England, was known as Henry II.'s 'eye.' He died at Acre while on a crusade with Richard I. (1190).

l. 2. **Umbrage**: 'offence.'

P. 69, l. 8. **paltenerius**: explained by Du Cange as 'superbus, ferox' ('proud, fierce').

P. 71, l. 4. **mercy**: 'amercement.' To be 'in mercy,' (*Med. Lat. in misericordia*), meant 'to be liable to a fine.'

P. 72, l. 10. **feud**: 'hostility.'

l. 14. **the new Itinerant Justices**: these 'justices-in-eyre' (*Justitiarum errantes*), started by Henry I. were revived by Henry II. at the Assize of Clarendon (1166). The exact date of Samson's appointment is unknown.

l. 20. '**A kinless loon**': i.e. a scamp without relatives to whom he will show favour.

P. 73, l. 11. '**Many sons, etc.**': freely adapted from Ecclesiasticus, vii. 24, 'Hast thou daughters? Have a care of their body, and show not thyself cheerful toward them.'

P. 75, l. 14. **Scotland itself**: Carlyle perhaps has in mind Dr. Johnson's sarcastic remarks about the scarcity of trees in Scotland.

P. 77, l. 4. **Double, double toil and trouble**: the refrain of the witches' chant in *Macbeth*, IV. i.

P. 79, l. 22. **the philosopher**: Archytas of Tarentum (fl. 400 B.C.), a Pythagorean philosopher and mathematician (see Hor. *Od.* i. 28). The story of his forbearance is told by Cicero (*Tusc.* iv. 36, 78; *de Rep.* i. 38), and by Montaigne (ii. 31) as follows: '*Architas Tarentinus* returning from a war, where he had beene Captaine generall, found his house all out of order, husbandrie all spoiled, and by the ill government of his Bailife, his ground all waste, unmanured; and having called for him, said thus: *Away bad man, for if I were not anyrie, I would have thee whipt for this.*' (Florio's trans.)

P. 80, l. 19. **Bozzy**: Johnson's nickname for Boswell. See note to p. 1, l. 5.

l. 31. **factus est hilaris**: 'became merry.'

P. 81, l. 11. **The Fifty feudal Knights, etc.**: see Clarke's translation, p. 35: 'After receipt of the homages [i.e. at Samson's Installation], the abbot sued for an aid from the knights, who promised each twenty shillings; but immediately they took counsel together and withheld twelve pounds in respect of twelve knights, alleging that those twelve ought to assist the other forty in keeping their castle guard,' etc. (Cf. *ib.* p. 82).

l. 20. **a Roland for his Oliver**: i.e. tit for tat. Roland and Oliver, two of Charlemagne's paladins, were equally brave; they once fought for five days, yet neither gained any advantage.

l. 29. **infert**; this spelling represents the pronunciation of the usual form *enfeoffed*, i.e. invested with a fief.

P. 82, l. 17. **seised**: 'in legal possession of'; *seisin* is the corresponding noun. (Both words are also spelt with a z.)

l. 27. **cepit dilationem**: 'was deferred, put off.'

P. 83, l. 30. **without copyright**: a question in which Carlyle was particularly interested. In *The Examiner*, April 7, 1839, appeared 'the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books,' begging the Commons to prevent by a Copyright Bill all 'extraneous persons' from stealing from him 'his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest.'

P. 85, l. 21. **de arduis regni**: 'concerning the most difficult and important matters of the kingdom.' **arduissimo**, the superlative.

l. 22. **King Richard was a captive in Germany**: A.D. 1193.

P. 89, l. 14. **quirk**: 'quibble, twist.'

l. 27. **St. Vitus' tic**: St. Vitus' dance and *tic douloureux* are similar, but not identical, nervous disorders. It is a curious and not very happy metaphor for the flaw in Earl Henry's character.

P. 90, l. 3. **Parthian-like**: the Parthians were notorious in antiquity for their trick of shooting arrows whilst retreating; hence the phrases 'Parthian shaft,' or 'glance.'

P. 91, l. 28. **the Regular Habit**: that of a monk (as opposed to the secular clergy or priests).

P. 93, l. 12. **next year**: Jocelin says merely 'on another occasion.'

l. 18. **the morrow**: June 28th.

P. 95, l. 12. **Geoffrey Riddell**, or Ridell, became Bishop of Ely in 1173 (d. 1189). He built the western transept of Ely Cathedral.

l. 25. **nemus**: 'grove.'

P. 96, l. 18. **glebe-lands**: those which go with an ecclesiastical benefice.

l. 21. **brevi manu**: 'out of hand, immediately.'

P. 97, l. 19. **Adam de Cokefield**: appended to Jocelin's *Chronicle* is an account of the Cokefield family, by William of Diss. This is translated in Jane's edition, p. 235.

P. 98, l. 20. **homo suus**: 'his man'—the formula of homage.

l. 27. **worse than our armies in Flanders**: whilst Mr. Shandy was reading aloud the great curse of Ernulphus (*Tristram Shandy*, III. xi.), 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby,—but nothing to this.'

P. 100, l. 1. **'When Henry II. . . . came to St. Edmund's'**: Jan. 21st, 1188.

l. 12. **cilice**: see note to p. 4, l. 22.

l. 24. **Heaven lies over him**, etc.: for the thought, cf. Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

P. 104, l. 11. **when certain dignitaries of us**, etc. : it being uncertain whether Hampden's death was caused by the enemy or the bursting of his own pistol, Lord Nugent in 1828 applied for permission to open the grave at Chalgrove, Oxon. ; Hampden's right hand (or rather, a number of small bones) was found separate from his body. (There is an account of the disinterment in a pamphlet by the Rev. J. H. Swinstead, vicar of Chalgrove.)

P. 105, l. 9. **albs**: an alb was a white vestment, worn by priests and certain others. Jocelin, however, merely said 'white raiment.'

l. 27. **Martiris ecce**, etc. : 'Lo ! the martyr's corpse is kept by the image of Michael.'

P. 106, l. 11. **Completorium**, or compline, was the last service of the day—at seven o'clock in winter, and eight in summer.

P. 108, l. 9. **Infirmirarius** : see Introduction.

P. 109, l. 28. **Sansculottism** : the French aristocrats in 1789 called the revolutionaries 'sansculottes,' because of their giving up knee-breeches (*culotte*) in favour of trousers.

P. 110, l. 5. **Hubert** : Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1193 till his death in 1205 ; he was also an influential statesman.

l. 30. **Novalis** : the name adopted by the German poet Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801).

P. 111, l. 20. **the City of Peeping Tom** : Coventry. Peeping Tom was the tailor who alone of the inhabitants was base enough to look upon the nudity of Godiva. He appears to be a 17th century addition to the legend of Leofric and Godiva. Tennyson thus describes Peeping Tom and his punishment :

'And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him.'

l. 31. **the Scissors of Destiny** : the 'abhorred shears' of Atropos, the third of the Fates, who cut the thread of each man's life.

P. 112, l. 6. **phantasmagory** : a shifting scene with unreal figures—a kind of embryonic cinematograph.

l. 10. **Mirza's Vision** : narrated in one of the finest and best known of Addison's essays. *Spectator*, No. 159 (Sept. 1, 1711).

P. 113, l. 4. **How many brave men**, etc. : 'vixere fortes ante Agamemnona | multi.' Hor. *Od.* IV. ix. 25.

l. 18. **The Life-tree Igdrasil**, or Yggdrasil: the world-ash, with three roots (in Niflheim, among the Norns, and in giant-land). See diagram and Introduction in *The Heroes of Asgard* in this series.

l. 22. **Nornas**, Norns, or Nornir: the three Fates in the Scandinavian mythology. They dwelt by the Sacred Well of Urd, whose waters nourished the roots of Igdrasil.

P. 114, l. 21. **Wren**: Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723) was appointed 'surveyor general and principal architect for rebuilding the whole city' of London after the great fire (1666); his work at St. Paul's lasted from 1668 to 1716. Wren built fifty-two churches in London, besides many other important buildings.

l. 24. **Satanic-School**: a name applied by Southey (in the Preface to his *Vision of Judgment*) primarily to Byron; it was afterwards extended to such writers as Rousseau, Shelley, Moore, Victor Hugo, etc.

Cockney-School: J. G. Lockhart's name (in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1817), for Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, and Shelley.

l. 26. **the Leitourgia**: a *leitourgia* at Athens was a public service rendered by a rich citizen. As this meaning seems to have no bearing here, it would appear that Carlyle is referring to the English Liturgy, which at the time of the Reformation underwent many alterations and excisions. But there is no particular reason for his using the Greek form of the word.

imbroglio: 'confused heap.'

l. 28. **Arachne**: a Lydian maiden who challenged Athene to a contest in weaving. Her work was so perfect that Athene tore it to pieces; whereupon Arachne hanged herself, but was transformed into a spider (*ἀράχνη*).

P. 115, l. 20. **Theuth**: an old Egyptian god (according to Plato, *Phaedrus*, 274 c), the reputed inventor of letters, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy.

l. 30. **Wodan**, Woden or Odin, was the chief of the Scandinavian gods. Carlyle took him as the type of 'the Hero as Divinity.'

P. 116, l. 4. **She is the noisiest**, etc.: a reminiscence of the celebrated personification of Rumour, in Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 173 *sqq.* (Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum, etc.).

l. 24. **Bobus**: 'Bobus Higgins, Sausage-maker on the great scale,' an imaginary character introduced by Carlyle into other parts of *Past and Present* (e.g. Bk. I., ch. 5).

P. 117, l. 3. **'Heard are the Voices'**, etc.: Carlyle's translation from Goethe's *Mason-Lodge*. For the whole poem, see the end of Bk. III., ch. 15. It was a great favourite of Carlyle's.

EXERCISES ON WORDS, ETC.

1. Write sentences to show the meaning of the following words:

(a) apotheosis, charlatan, dilettante (what is its plural?), deficit, introspection, litigation, mnemonic, pedantry, platitude, solecism, vicissitude.

(b) articulate, accordant, chaotic, chimerical, culinary, exotic, expedient, extraneous, garrulous, insatiable, magnanimous, osseous, perennial, primeval, pusillanimous, remiss, secular, somnolent, superannuated, terrestrial, transitory, translucent, unprecedented, vulpine

(c) commute, liquidate, mitigate, transcend: diametrically, infinitesimally.

2. Give (where they exist) adjectives corresponding to the nouns in 1 (a), and nouns corresponding to the adjectives in 1 (b).

3. What are the most striking characteristics of Carlyle's style? In what particulars should it not be imitated?

4. Give carefully in your own words the meaning of:

(a) Truly it is . . . face to face! P. 14, l. 3-19.

(b) Thus, then, have . . . is great! P. 56, l. 22-P. 57, l. 5.

(c) The Magnanimous Abbot . . . all is over. P. 111, l. 28-P. 112, l. 8.

(d) The verses on p. 117.

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. 'No man becomes a Saint in his sleep' (P. 19).
2. 'To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing' (P. 62).
3. 'A strenuous review and radical reform of his economics . . . is the first labour of every governing man, from *Paterfamilias* to *Dominus Rex*' (P. 64).
4. In what ways is monastic life less suited to the 20th century than the 12th?
5. Contrast a modern election with that of Abbot Samson.
6. 'Genuine WORK alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal' (P. 116).
7. Was life in England happier in Abbot Samson's days than in our own?
8. Is the condition of the poor better or worse than when Carlyle wrote? Give reasons for your belief.
9. What social evils denounced by Carlyle still exist? What remedies, if any, seem to you practicable?
10. Discuss, with special reference to this book, the uses of historical study.
11. Is it true that a benevolent despotism is the best form of government?

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION IN VERSE.

1. For Heroic Couplets or Blank Verse: A Character of Samson.
2. A Dramatic Scene: The Election of Abbot Samson.
3. In Spenserian Stanzas: St. Edmundsbury.
4. For Heroic Couplets or Blank Verse: The Abbot looks on the body of St. Edmund (P. 106).
5. For a Song: The Bells of St. Edmundsbury (P. 58).
6. A Sonnet on Work (ch. xvii.).

PASSAGES SUITABLE FOR REPETITION.

1. Behold therefore . . . deep as very hell. P. 6, l. 8-l. 23.
2. The King's Majesty . . . as Abbot! P. 55, l. 30-P. 56, l. 21.
3. On the morrow . . . shall obey him. P. 79, l. 7-l. 29.
4. The great antique heart . . . if need be! P. 100, l. 22-P. 101, l. 5.
5. It is all work . . . in England. P. 114, l. 1-l. 20.
6. Heard are the voices . . . despair not. P. 117, l. 3-end.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

I. JOCELIN'S CHRONICLE.

1. *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi*, ed. J. G. Rokewood (Camden Society, 1840). This Latin text was used by Carlyle.
2. A better text was edited by Thomas Arnold, in *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey* (Rolls Series, 1890).
3. English translations, by T. E. Tomlins (1844); L. C. Jane (with Introduction by Abbot Gasquet; Chatto and Windus, 1907, 1s. 6d. net); Sir Ernest Clarke (Murray, 1903, 1s. net). Sir Ernest Clarke's Introduction is particularly interesting.
4. See also J. R. Green's 'Abbot and Town' (*Stray Studies*); and the article on Samson in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

II. BOOKS ABOUT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

1. *Monastic History, etc., of St. Edmund's Bury*, by Richard Yates (1805).
2. *Historical Account of St. Edmund's Bury*, by Edmund Gillingwater (1804).
3. Short accounts of the Abbey, etc., in Gasquet's *Greater Abbeys of England*; and the Bury Pageant Souvenir (1907).

III. BOOKS ABOUT MONASTICISM.

1. *English Monastic Life*, by Abbot Gasquet (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net).
2. *The Coming of the Friars*, by Augustus Jessopp (Unwin, 3s. 6d.).
3. *English Monasticism*, by A. Hamilton Thompson (Cambridge Manuals, 1s. net).

IV. CARLYLE.

1. J. A. Froude's various books on Carlyle form the most important source for his biographers, but are not pleasant reading.
2. Prof. Nicol's *Carlyle* (English Men of Letters Series) is the most interesting short account.
3. The full text of *Past and Present* is obtainable in many cheap reprints.
4. There is an analysis of Carlyle's style, worked out with special reference to the chapter on Abbot Samson's election, in *Nineteenth Century Prose*, by J. H. Fowler (A. and C. Black, 1s. 4d.).

